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Maine Farmer.

Keep the hoes and cultivators bright with use till haying demands the exclusive attention of the farm help. It has been a grand season in which to keep the mastery over the weeds. Clean culture should be the watchword.

The region west of the Mississippi, drought-stricken last year, is specially favored in 1895. Abundant rains have blessed the land and bountiful crops of corn are now considered assured. In a section east of the river in Indiana, Illinois and Ohio, a severe drought has cut down the crops.

Prof. Morrow of Illinois, a recognized stock authority, in commenting on the crop that will give a good flow of milk and yet is of the beef type, holds that "the man who says he prefers a good degree of merit in both directions is not necessarily an idiot," as some would have us suppose.

If tuberculosis contains a pressing living issue, doubtless the wide awake farmers will continue to talk about it. The public are the final judges of what the papers shall publish.—N. E. Farmer.

Maine settled the tuberculosis business years ago, and settled it well. There is no call for a discussion of the matter here. "Give us a rest."

There has been an unusual amount of barn building and barn repairing this season. These improvements are seen every direction. The protracted discussion of plans that has been going on through our columns for several months, has been read with much interest, and has afforded suggestions to builders and to others contemplating the same later on, that could not fail to be of advantage, and which we have the evidence, have been appreciated.

The Cornell experiment station has been canvassing the northern and western fruit districts of New York with a view to learning the varieties of strawberries most in favor with the growers of that section. The old Wilson, so long and widely popular as a market berry, received the endorsement of the largest number of growers as the best all around strawberry. Next in order were the Crescent, Bubach and Haverland. The Crescent was pronounced most productive, and the Michel the earliest. These estimates do not differ widely from the standing of the varieties named among growers in this State.

EXPERIMENT STATION WORK.
Although frequent bulletins are issued from the experiment stations, giving to the public the results of work carried on, yet the extent and the importance of that work, we fear is not appreciated by those for whose special benefit it was instituted as fully as its importance would warrant. Knowledge is power in whatever direction it is applied, and nowhere more than with those who have to deal with the soil. The growing of plants, the feeding of animals and the handling of products and their manipulation into more desirable forms have been and still are full of mysteries and uncertainties, a knowledge of which is of great importance to those having that work in charge. These stations are developing knowledge and establishing facts in this connection.

Although the work the stations are engaged in is necessarily slow and can never be hastened, yet when we stop to look over the ground and measure the progress made and the work accomplished in the time since they were organized and started out with their experiments, the results will be found much to their credit. And, too, a large measure of this experimental work has a direct application to the every day business of the common farmer. It is not for science that these investigations have been carried on, nor for the benefit of the institution, nor for knowledge in the abstract. It has been that the rank and file of the farmers may more intelligently and therefore more successfully conduct their operations.

Consider for a moment the progress that has been made in a knowledge of the principles of fertilization and the feeding of plants; and the composition of food constituents; the feeding of animals and the kind and office of fodder constituents; the production of milk and the making and the handling of its products. A large measure of the advance in knowledge that has been recently made in these and in many other directions that might be named is directly the result of station work. The advance in knowledge of dairy work alone is worth the cost of the entire station expenditures.

In this important experimental work our station at Orono has done its full share. Among the many directors in charge of the different stations no one has been better able to comprehend the practical nature of the work called for than has Professor Jordan, the Director. In this direction his work there carried on has been largely shaped. There is every reason for confidence on the part of those whom he is serving in him and in his work. If not already done, send to the station and have your name put on the mailing list.

HEALTHFUL MILK.

Some time ago the *Maine Farmer*, contrary to some of the other agricultural papers, took the ground that for pure, healthful, palatable milk, the great effort should be made by consumers and by sanitarians, and sooner or later to be demanded, would be for healthful cows furnishing the product, and for their proper care and food while giving it, rather than for sterilization or pasteurization. Fresh milk is wanted in its natural state. This can be furnished in a healthful form, without doctoring of any kind, by proper attention to the cows, their surroundings and their food. This still is the position of the *Farmer*.

Amidst all of the discussion going on about disease in cows, germs in milk, and methods of killing them, we are pleased to find so well known a writer as Prof. Cheesman ready to come out and take a stand with us in a plea to look to first principles, as he does in an article contributed to *Hoar's Dairyman*, from which we take the following extracts:

"The need of the hour is Sound milk, with a large capital S. Behind sound milk is the cow, her shelter and management; and all these imply the dairyman. I am very glad to find barn construction is a prominent subject of discussion, and that so many men in all parts of the country are considering it from the sanitary standpoint. If milk could be brought from the barn free from pathogenic germs, and be properly cared for, we should have no need of pasteurization, but for some time to come we must do something to arrest decay, and to protect milk consumers against a possible source of disease."

A few weeks ago I attended a club meeting in New York city, and Pure Culture of Bacterium Lactis was under discussion. The audience was above the average of intelligence, and yet to listen to the arguments and assumptions presented was painful and surprising. If the future of the dairy industry depends solely on the use of a pure culture for cheese or butter making, then good-bye to the dairymen's occupation, for the few who may use it as well as we can. The superintendent had better take a hint from the little bee in its selection of food, or from the manufacturers of high-grade extracts and perfumes. What is the use of the chatter at institutes about the value of harvesting good hay, corn, and other plants, if we are expecting pure cultures to do everything for us?

Those who have assisted in chemical work, or have witnessed tuberculin tests, and taken part in other investigations, have often been made sick at heart over the reflections induced by the sanitary condition of barns. It is a depressing fact that many useful animals have been killed, whose lives might have been spared for a career of usefulness, if only they had had a chance to breathe clean air, and enough of it, and to bask in the sunbeams.

Since Christmas I have been continually confronting new facts which go to prove the marvelous power of nature to heal and reorganize the delicate and undeveloped bodies.

If Dr. Babcock and Prof. Russell can extend their work to barn studies of food and management for the purpose of evoking the higher view of cattle hygiene, they will increase our indebtedness. When milk is marked absolutely free from taint, is high flavored and palatable, no other food can gain in favor so fast and certainly no other form of animal food can be produced so cheaply. It is a farmer's problem, and offers his greatest opportunity."

CANTON GRANGE OUTING.

Canton grange, together with its friends had a field day outing on Saturday, 15th, at the pleasant home of their associate members, F. W. Coolidge and wife, North Livermore. The day was one of June's loveliest, and the hills of old Livermore never were greener, nor did the farm houses located on and among them ever appear more inviting. Brother and sister Coolidge gave a granger's welcome, warm and true to all hands. A large and happy company assembled. A large delegation was present from North Jay Grange, also members from Norland grange, East Livermore and Turner grange. The forenoon was spent informally. At noon a basket dinner was partaken under the shade trees, with coffee and lemonade, furnished by mine host. In the afternoon, music by the grange choir; short addresses by members of the order and by visitors, supplemented with the reading of some admirable selections by the ladies, filled the time very pleasantly. Canton grange is prospering, both in good works and in numbers. They are about to start in the erection of a fine hall.

HAYING.

As the hoes grow dull from their completed work, the scythes must be sharpened for the hay field. So there is no time for a vacation to the active farmer during the busy months of summer. Seed time, hoeing and haying shut into each other without a break. Grass is a week earlier than the average, and will begin to call for attention next week. There is a good crop in Maine, thick and tall. But good tools, strong teams, with systematic handling, will put it under cover in short order. It is surprising how quickly, and with what few men, the hay harvest can now be done.

By the way, what have our hay makers to say about hay cures? Theoretically they appear to be a good thing; have been written up for years, and not costily, yet rarely are they seen to whiten a field. The great majority of the real

farmers, it seems, are not using them. What is the reason? They caught on to the mowers, horse rake and horse fork readily enough. Why not the hay cures, if the good thing claimed? Who will explain it?

"BLACK CATERPILLAR."

We recently received the following note from our friend, Seward Dill:

I send you a package to-day containing the black caterpillar. They may be common in Maine, but new to me here. They are on the poplar trees. If a new insect or caterpillar, please give the name in the *Maine Farmer*, and much obliged.

Very truly yours,
SEWARD DILL.
Soquel, California, June 10.

We at once sent the package to Prof. Harvey of the State College, who favors us with the following reply:

Editors Maine Farmer: Your postal card and the package came to hand yesterday. The so-called box consisted of two flattened pieces of pasteboard, from between which, from the ends, protruded fragments of the larvae of some insect. Upon opening the package we found a veritable insect hash, composed of fragments of insects, together with small pieces of the food plant. We were ready to endorse your statement that they came from California, or even to believe they had been around the world. We have scolded so much about how insects should be sent for examination that it has become a chestnut. We would feel inclined to throw all such packages into the waste basket if they were not for the heretofore. The heretofore is sure to come in the way of a sharp reprimand for not giving attention promptly to packages sent. In many cases such packages never come to hand. They get crushed in the mail, the enclosed insects crawl out in the mail sacks, and the postmasters throw them away, as they are justified in doing. Last season several letters were received, but the packages never came to hand. We always write the sender, giving the fate of the package, and mildly suggest how a package should be sent, and that he better send again. Many send no notice with the package, and only put their name on the box, or, sometimes do not do even this, expecting me to divine their name. We would be pleased to be credited with such extraordinary powers, if they were not superhuman. When it is remembered that there are hundreds of thousands of insects, it requires no common knowledge to name them correctly under the best of circumstances, especially when they are uncommon. I could tell neighbor Jones "yaller dog," or Brown's "old sorrel mare," if I saw them half a mile away, but there would be difficulties attending their identification from the fragments of hair, flesh and epidermis after they had passed through a sausage mill. It becomes indeed an exact science when one has to familiarize himself with the specific character of the scales and hairs and epidermis of insects to determine them. In the present case it happens that the insect is a large, familiar species, and that the fragments of the food plant are determinable, and we are reasonably sure that we have to deal with the larvae of the familiar

Mourning Cloak Butterfly,
Vanessa Antiope (Linn.)

This species feeds upon the elm, willow, cottonwood, balm of Gilead, birch and linden. The specimens received from California, so far as we could judge from the fragments of the food plant, were feeding upon cottonwood, or some related species of the willow family. In Maine this species is quite abundant upon the elm. At this writing one can see the larvae quite frequently crawling about, seeking places to hibernates.

DESCRIPTION.
The perfect insect is a beautiful butterfly, expanding two and a half to three and a half inches. The wings are a beautiful purplish or reddish brown color, bordered by a yellowish or buff band, within which is a row of violet blue spots. The fall brood hibernates, so we frequently see this butterfly, with faded and tattered wings, flying early in spring. The eggs are pale yellow, and ribbed, and are deposited in clusters of a dozen or more upon the stem, near the petioles of the leaves of the food plant. The larvae, when mature, are one and three-fourths inches long (those sent were about two-thirds grown, we should think), black dotted with white, the back marked by eight bright brick-red spots, and the segments armed with long, black, branched spines; head black, rough and tubercled. The larvae are gregarious, and have a formidable appearance, as seen in bunches, feeding. They sometimes occur in such profusion on the willows and elms as to cause the branches to droop with their weight, says Harris, and the long, leafless branches bear evidence of their voracity. There are two broods, one in July and a second later, which hibernates. We have the hibernating butterflies in March and April, the first brood in August, and late in the fall the hibernating brood. One finds these butterflies in the winter about wood-piles, rubbish, and other places.

REMEDIES.
When not abundant, and in reach,

they can readily be removed by hand. If in great numbers, spraying with Paris green could be resorted to. The larvae and pupae are subjected to the depredations of small parasitic insects. From one pupa we have reared as many as a hundred and fifty minute ichneumonids.

Yours truly,
F. L. HARVEY,
Entomologist for the Me. Ex. Station.
Orono, June 20th.

THE NEW ENGLAND OF TO-DAY.

It is Being Regenerated by the Grange. Miss Ellen D. Larned of Thompson, Conn., in the *New York Independent* says, as a lifelong resident of a rural district, with some special facilities for observation, she can write on the subject with some assurance. This condition of decadence she claims is strictly limited to farming districts remote from railroads and villages, left one side by change of business center, and does not apply to the New England rural districts as a whole, because she maintains that even to-day New England's cities and manufacturing centers draw their chief executive and working forces from the rural district.

As to the assertion that the New England farmer has "given up his Puritan faith, church going and Sabbath keeping," Miss Larned calls attention to the two elements living in New England in earlier days. There was a strong anti-Puritan minority, free religionists and non-religionists.

And Miss Larned says that while the sons of industrious, energetic church members have carried their churches and institutions all over the land, descendants of this alien class have been far more likely to stay at home. From her personal knowledge she says that a great majority of farmers and families in her section, that abstain from church going, are connected by birth or marriage with this anti-Puritan element, while descendants of former church members are building up churches elsewhere.

Among the helpful influences now at work among the rural classes, Miss Larned places first the bands of home missionaries, helping maintain public worship in feeble churches, also State Bible societies, supplemented by the voluntary services of Christian young women, going out as bright, healthy, consecrated, live "Eudeavor" or "King's Daughter."

"And for social and mental stimulus comes the Grange," says Miss Larned. "It is difficult to over-estimate the influence of this modern institution in rural New England. Extending to remote and partly depopulated towns, it reaches the very classes that most needed help. The discouraged farmer and his toilful wife, living almost beyond the reach of civilization, are thus brought into constant, familiar intercourse with other grangers. Isolated and scattered families are brought together in one household. Their meetings are reported as most delightful and profitable. Their programme includes recitations, essays and discussions upon farming matters and other important questions, music, games and social intercourse. Nothing was ever devised that took such hold upon our young people of both sexes. Matrimony is facilitated. A better class of young men are induced to say at home and follow farming. The farmer's life is every way enriched and broadened by the influence of the Grange."

And so we have hope even for darkest New England. She has indeed borne a great strain in the loss of native population and the introduction of foreign elements. She has a heavy problem yet to face. These foreigners who work her mills and pick up her abandoned farms are to be assimilated and made over into loyal American citizens. But she recognizes the situation, and strives in some degree to meet it. However great the outflow and influx, New England will never cease to be New England. Her institutions, her ideas, her modes of working are too deeply rooted. May we not hope that renaissance will follow partial decadence, and the new elements, rightly directed, add new strength and vitality.

THE TOMATO—HISTORY AND USE.

My knowledge of the tomato is a consequence of the nature of my occupation, for, as a grower of garden seeds, I have had very much to do with the tomato, and have watched with much interest its marvellous development as a food product.

My grandfather was the first in the United States to grow it commercially for seed, and my firm since its introduction has since been continuously the largest producer of tomato seed in America.

De Candolle, the French botanist, states that possibly the tomato is American in origin. He says no mention of it is made by any early writers of China, Japan or the Asiatic nations, and writers of those countries have always attributed its origin to America.

Humboldt states that the tomato was cultivated in Mexico as far back as the earliest records of that country, but the first Mexican botanists do not mention it, and the statement of Humboldt is to be doubted.

Stick to the farm, says Hon. Moses Humphrey, President of the New Hampshire Board of Agriculture; you can get more out of life on it than anywhere else in the world.

placers of Peru refer to the tomato as a curious fruit of that country. Consequently, it seems to be correct that it is a native of Peru, and for two hundred years subsequent to the discovery of Peru the tomato was known as the Pomi del Peru.

Since those early days, like other wild vegetable growths, it has, no doubt, vastly extended its regions of natural growth, for it is found wild to-day in Brazil, Argentina, Chili, Peru, Mexico, and up to California; in fact, it is found almost wherever the wild potato is found, but it has never been found in the crudest or roughest development of form under which we know it, its wild shapes being but small developments of the egg shape and currant.

The tomato belongs to the order Solanaceae, of which the tobacco, the egg plant and the potato are all members, and all of which are American in origin.

The tomato family is divided into three species: First, the esculentum, producing large, irregularly formed, furrowed fruit, divided by intervening partitions into several cells. From this form is thought to have been derived nearly all of the present varieties under cultivation, it being the first form introduced. Second, the pyriforms, producing a small olive, or pear shaped fruit, containing two cells. Third, the cerasiforms, producing a small, round, two-celled fruit.

The tomato was introduced into Europe in 1596, a few years after the potato, but while the potato quickly obtained a prominent place among vegetables, the tomato was at first as slow in becoming popular as it has lately been phenomenal in the increased quantities consumed.

In 1629 Parkinson, an Englishman, wrote of it: "In hot countries where they naturally grow, they are much eaten of the people to cool and quench the heat and the thirst of their hot stomachs. They are also boiled or infused in oil in the sun."

The tomato as a kitchen garden plant was first named in a Philadelphia seed catalogue in 1820, and up to 1829 was only offered as a single variety under the designation tomato, or love apple. It is therefore to be inferred that there was but one form and color at that date.

After 1828 the large red and large yellow, half hollow, and rough fruited were catalogued. In 1837 the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society offered its first premium for tomatoes, and in 1839 the Massachusetts Horticultural Society made first reference to the fruit in its premium list. Subsequently the size and the number gradually increased, till, in 1840, there were six sorts catalogued; but even then it was used in small quantities, the majority of people being afraid of it because of a general prejudice that it produced a skin disease. In Johnson's Dictionary of Gardening, revised and extended in 1847, the following reference was made to the tomato: "There are six or seven varieties, between which there is not much real difference; the common red is equal to any."

In Europe it was only used as a garnish for other dishes, or as a salad, and as such continued to be used till about 1850, when it grew in popular favor, but as late as 1866 the writer, when in France, could only obtain stewed tomatoes, as a first class hotel in Paris, after making special arrangements for them.—Burnet Landrette.

PRACTICAL OPINIONS FROM PRACTICAL PEOPLE.

When our patrons at first came to a thorough understanding that only good cows make money, their notions were decisive and highly entertaining. Never before in this part of the country was there such a time in exchanging, trading off and buying in cows. Give me Vermont men for practical business sense.—T. M. Deal, Manager of Franklin Co. (Vt.), Creamery.

Calves dropped in the fall will thrive all winter in a warm stable, and the skim milk with a little wheat bran and linseed meal will make a good ration until February. If kept growing nicely they will be in fine condition for pasture, and little fear may be entertained of scours. Heifers raised in this way will drop their calves when from 16 to 18 months old. Manure from winter dairy cattle is worth more than that from dry cows. The grain fed during the winter will be more than paid for by the increased price of butter, so the calves will be clear again.—Robert Baird.

The cow that calves in September will yield well all winter; when grass comes it will send her along again for awhile, and when she does fall it will be in July and August just when you are heated and tired out with haying and harvest and don't want to be bothered with her—just when the cow is tired and hot and worried with flies and only wants to stand in the shade and switch her tail, and just when the butter brings the lowest price in the whole year. I hold the same cow is worth \$10 more if she calves in September than if she calves in April.—Mrs. E. M. Jones, Canada.

Stick to the farm, says Hon. Moses Humphrey, President of the New Hampshire Board of Agriculture; you can get more out of life on it than anywhere else in the world.

THE AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL.

The agricultural school and college has passed the experimental stage and taken its place as one of the educational factors of the country. A young man about to select a school, without a design to study for a profession, should weigh carefully the claims of agricultural colleges, whether he intends to make farming his vocation or not, as the instruction given is of a practical nature, which will be a help to him in after life. It is, of course, the more important for the young man intending to make farming his life work, to ground himself thoroughly in the science and practice of the vocation, and the agricultural school is his opportunity. There is a demand for more scientific farming in all its branches; also for teachers and writers to disseminate the needed instruction, and the school will produce them; for at the end of his course the graduate goes back to the farm imbued with a higher ideal of his calling. To his enlarged horizon it has risen to the dignity of a learned profession; he glories in his work, which in turn elevates and glorifies him. He will be anxious and ready to help his neighbors adopt new and better methods, an enthusiasm which will have a leavening influence.

The agricultural school has done much, and will do infinitely more, to bring farming up to its proper plane, a vocation worthy of the best and most intelligent effort of scientific minds. The teachings of these schools carefully applied, will do much toward enabling agriculture to withstand, if not eventually triumph over the depression it is now staggering under.—Farm, Stock and Home.

WHAT THE BOYS ARE EXPECTED TO LEARN AT DURHAM.

Hon. Joseph B. Walker, whose interest in agricultural education is well known, at the dedication of the New Hampshire State College, set forth his understanding of the general character of the education that the college should impart to the sons of the farm and of the shop, and to the daughters of the State:

"If I understand aright the desire of the farmers of New Hampshire, it is that such of their boys as may come here shall be taught not merely why agricultural manipulations are necessary, but how to conduct them."

"If I understand aright the expectations of the mechanics of New Hampshire, it is that such of their boys as may come here shall be taught not merely the composition, strength and adaptability of materials, but the practical shaping of the same in the workshops of the college."

"If I understand aright the expectations of the women of New Hampshire, they are that such of their daughters as chance to come here shall be taught not only the scientific principles underlying their common avocations, but their operations by actual practice."

"If I am right in these expressions of my belief, the college and its patrons are in accord, and its success is assured."

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

THE COST OF THINGS.

BY W. F. A.

Mr. Editor: I don't know whether farmers are natural-born fools or not; I sometimes think they are, and if so, I must be one of them, for farming has been my occupation for more than half a century. At any rate, we are too ready to give ourselves entirely away.

What's up now? Oh! nothing particular, only the last report from the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture set me to thinking. The cost of things, indeed! Why! some of us are so everlasting smart that we can produce hay almost as cheap as we can harvest it. There are but few farmers who can honestly say they can afford to raise and sell hay at ten dollars per ton. I put the cost of producing a ton of hay at from \$6 to \$8, an average of \$7.50; one man said from \$5 to \$10, making the same average; one man said \$12, but the majority, I noticed, said from \$4 to \$5, an average of \$4.50. Now add the highest and lowest averages together, and divide, and we have a medium average of \$6. Now add \$3 as a conservative estimate for harvesting, and it makes \$9 as the actual cost of the hay stored away in the barn; and when you have sold your hay for \$10 delivered, you have just \$1 as the net profit for hauling hay two to eight miles, and storing it away in somebody's stuffy little barn.

Now if these figures are too high, why then, make them just as low as you can, and let all the world know that you can produce hay for almost nothing, and can sell it at less than cost. If hay is not selling low enough now, then do all you can to make it cheaper.

I don't believe any one can afford to make and sell butter at less than twenty-five cents per pound the year round. I notice that the majority of the most thoughtful and conservative farmers put the cost of making a pound of butter at fifteen cents, and the net profit of a good cow at about \$30 per year. That agrees almost exactly with my figures above, for a good cow well fed, will make 300 lbs. of butter in a year, and at 10 cents a

pound as profit, will make just \$30. True, the skimmed milk has not been accounted for; but take the average cow at 200 or 250 lbs. per year, and add the value of the skimmed milk, and the result will not vary much from the above figures.

But the point which I wish to make is this: suppose we could tell to a nicety the cost of producing a ton of hay, a bushel of corn or potatoes, a pound of pork, beef, butter or cheese, what good would it do the producer to let all the world know it? No good, but in all probability much harm.

There are some farmers so wonderfully adapted by nature or by Providence, and whose circumstances are so favorable to their business that they can, undoubtedly, produce all the above mentioned things very much cheaper than others; now, what hurts the whole is the fact that some of these fellows boast they can do it, and are willing to do it. It reminds me of some stone-cutters; great beef-eaters, bull-headed and bull-necked "critters," who don't know what the word *tired* means, or what honor or justice came from mankind mean; because they can make from \$3.50 to \$4.50 per day on piece work, they go about boasting of it, and when it comes to the ears of the employers, as it is sure to do, there is at once a general cut-down in prices. The same thing happens when some smart girl in a shoe factory brags about her making from eight to ten dollars per week, there is apt to be a cut-down. All have to suffer for the folly of the few.

There is another point to this question. Why should the farmer tell—even if he knows—the cost of every article he has to sell any more than the merchant or manufacturer? They frequently say they are selling at or below cost, but who believes it, except in those rare instances where goods are so shop-worn that it has to be done, or in a bankrupt sale. If farmers wish to become bankrupt, let them tell the cost of things, and also make it as low as possible.

Black men in Australia wear no clothing to speak of, and their food costs but a trifle; verily, they can produce wool and lay it down in our markets much cheaper than we can afford to produce the same raw material. Do we wish to compete with them? If not, then let us keep our own precious secrets or have a mark as puzzling as the merchant.

For the Maine Farmer.

FRENCH COACH HORSES IN WALDO COUNTY.

BY A. A.

W. S. Edminster, East Knox, and J. O. Whitney, Thorndike, have the two pure bred imported French Coach stallions, Vermilion and Invador.

Vermilion is 7 years old, stands 16½ hands, weighs 1550 lbs., good style and action. "Forty sons of the direct ancestors of this horse were owned by the French Government, and stood in the national harness."

Invador is dark brown, with small star, stands 16 hands and weighs 1250 lbs. His owners say: "He is a combination of power, elegance and endurance, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious seeker for equine perfection." He took two prizes in the one-year-old class, three in the two-year-old class, and two in the three-year-old class. He also took 1st prize at the New York State Fair in 1894, in a large class of French Coach stallions, 4 years old, or more. "His sire, Etudiant, belonging to the French Government, was in twenty-one races, making the phenomenal time of 2:40, over sod track and under saddle."

These horses are used at the unprecedentedly low price of \$15 to insure sale.

The same parties also have the pure bred Percheron stallion Montrose 12886, recorded with pedigree in the Percheron Stud Book of America. Montrose is a remarkably fine looking horse of this breed, weighing 1500 lbs.

For the Maine Farmer.

ROAD MAKING.

BY H. A. SPRAGUE.

Mr. Editor: I have with pleasure read your two or three editorials on road making. It is very important to have good roads, and very important to have them made good early in the season; but as the conditions which formerly required roads to pass over high hills to get near each settler's house have so changed that this is no longer required, I think the sooner they are relocated, as they surely must be sooner or later, the better.

Towns can never be expected to do this, for several reasons: They would never act in unison, and in a majority of cases the new roads should cross the town lines in places distant from where they now cross. The expense would be too burdensome on some towns, and too light on others. The only way seems to be to transfer the duty of making roads from towns to counties, or to the State, and require by law that a general survey be made. This plan would not render it necessary to abolish the present system of statute labor, though it might be advisable to do so.

Charlotte.

Woman's

Edman's
THE NEW
When one hears
"New Woman," by
reasoning one begins
the matter with the
the present Woman
that blessed woman
as mother. What w
in the sweet, m
self-sacrificing unse
halo over our child
weakness in the s
who held from six t
hand, bringing u
and whooping cou
all sorts of evils, muc
who swore and we
ice with treacherou
mer from swimming
leaky skiffs and trea
kissed our cuts; bou
ts: picked out boun
the weakly scrub, w
ioned soap and a gen
bed invariably the w
the tender the spot

What was the matt
of old who patched a

always to be found at kept so tidy and ruled by a woman who felt a fierce contract including the role of husband and mother.

What was the motto of America, the beloved land in its clasp armor on the boys raised and bade them for country and home? "The New Woman" improvement on the standpoint of many or be improved upon.

What is the "New woman about, anyhow?" To warn, to comfort, or is she just the latter forces; a great big club with ideas, a great big club who has a mission a soars head and shoulders her ideas, with no babies, unless indeed of self-taking-care-of babies being much in nations or when one has and idea to unfold, a one may as well be out of the fashion, mothers of the day noble mothers of the day, silently, graciously, as is their sons and daughters to the right of the world.

shall we dignify our
generation.

A GIRL'S INT

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The best methods of treatment are as follows: For sprains of the wrist, or any joint, the part should be thoroughly soaked at a time, night and morning. At the same time, writes A. M. M., "a very valuable list of 'Twenty-Fold Remedies,' in the *Journal*. Any one suffering from a sprain will not regret the first soaking to convert the inflamed part into a channel bandage should be applied.

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Woman's Department.

THE NEW WOMAN.

When one hears so much about the "New Woman," by a natural process of reasoning one begins to question, "What's the matter with the old woman?" Not that the present woman is old as years, but that the old woman was so, what lacking as mother. What was wrong, what lacking in the sweet, motherly face, in the self-sacrificing unselfishness that shed a halo over her childhood? Where was the weakness in the strong-souled woman who held from six to ten of us well in hand, bringing us up through measles and whooping cough, guarding us from all sorts of evils, such as neighbors' boys who swore and were altogether bad; from the weakling and treacherous limbs; who kissed our cuts; bound up our stubbed toes; picked out splinters, and gave us the weekly scrub, with good old-fashioned soap and a generous ray of the cloth, tender the spot the harder the rub?

What was the matter with the woman of old who patched and darned; soothed or punished as duty demanded; who was always to be found at home, the home she kept so tidy and ruled so successfully; the woman who felt her part of the marriage contract included making heaven of home for husband and children?

What was the matter with the womanhood of America, that when war held our beloved land in its clutches, buckled the armor on the boys she had so nobly raised and bade them go forth to battle for country and home? What do we want of "The New Woman" unless she be an improvement on the old, and from the standpoint of many of us she wasn't to be improved upon.

What is the "New Woman" we hear so much about, anyhow? Is she the Perfect woman, nobly planned. To warn, to comfort, and command, or is she just the latter, a commander of forces; a much-clubbed sort of creature with ideas, a great big capital I, a woman who has a mission and a sphere, who soars head and shoulders above her mother's ideas, with no use for cradles and babies, unless indeed they be a new sort of self-taking-care-of sort of institution; babies being much in the way at conventions or when one has a speech to make; and idea to unfold; a mission to fulfill.

One may as well be out of the world as out of the fashion, and yet, the good mothers of the days that are dead, the noble mothers of the day that is, who are silently, grandly, as led by God, rearing their sons and daughters into true thinking and right living, these are the women of whom America is to be proud; these are they who are to set the seal of true womanhood on the "New Woman" while the old is built of such true material. Let our sons represent us in the world, our daughters in the home, so shall we dignify our sex, our day, our generation.

A GIRL'S INFLUENCE.

Young people, young girls from fifteen to eighteen years of age, will soon be influential in their sphere of life in many ways. Indeed, they have even at fifteen more influence than are conscious of. One school girl exerts over another a very marked influence; being studied, being led in others a desire to study; being whole one girl being idle will infect a whole room of girls. Being gentle, truthful, quiet and ladylike will make an impression no words will ever convey. If every one who goes down carries some one along, it is undeniably true that every one who rises lifts some one to her level. Even the least thoughtful of young people must realize the fact that intellectuality places people socially on a higher plane than any mere accident of birth or wealth. While it is true there is a "social swim" where wealth makes people float on top, it is most emphatically true that it is a "swim" intellectual people don't care to descend to. If you would have influence of the right sort, make of yourself the right sort. Cultivate your mind, your manners, your morals. Be true to all that is best in you, seeking for its development. Broaden your horizon; see things clearly, and seeing, have the courage of your convictions. Life is too short to admit of any of God's children tampering with it, or failing to make of it all it can be made worth.

Read good things; read, not scan; read carefully, thoughtfully, to an end. One reader of real, true, good books in a school room will root out a whole squad of sensational readers. Try it, girls; form a club and read to each other. Don't be passing novels along the line all the time, never have a thought for good reading of another sort. Read some novels, but don't weaken your minds by fiction till they become incapable of grasping any other sort of reading matter. Use your influence with your girl friends to read good, standard works, and remember you have a very great influence in school, in your home, even on the street, and by and by you may be a power in society.

THE USES OF HOT WATER.

The best methods of using hot water are as follows: For sprains of the ankle and wrist, or any joint, the part should be thoroughly soaked for half an hour at a time, night and morning, in a very hot water, writes A. Marcy, M. D., in a very valuable list of "Domestic Household Remedies," in the Ladies' Home Journal. Any one suffering from a severe sprain will not require more than the first soaking to convince them of the advantage of hot over cold water. A bandage should be applied firmly after each treatment. For bruises, very much the same method should be followed, although the application need not be continued for so long a time. For wounds and sores the best method is to dip or pour for a few minutes. For sore eyes, use water as hot as can be borne, by sipping. To stop bleeding, very hot water will be applied to the raw surface will be found efficacious. For many forms of dyspepsia and biliousness, particularly a catarrhal condition

of stomach, a goblet of hot water, drunk after the night's fasting, will give relief. For continued application, in the form of a poultice, as in catarrh of the breast, pleurisy, pneumonia, etc., a jacket of cotton batting, wrung out in very hot water by means of a towel, and covered with oiled silk or waxed paper, should be used.

AN IDEALLY BAD BABY.

Tom was a bad baby, from the very beginning of his usurpation. He would cry for nothing; he would burst into storms of devilish temper without notice, and let go screams from scream and squall after squall, then climax the thing with "holding his breath"—that frightful specialty of the teething nursing, in throes of which the creature exhausts its lungs, then is convulsed with noiseless squirmings and twistings and kickings in the effort to get its breath, while the lips turn blue and the mouth stands wide and rigid, offering for inspection one wee tooth set in the lower rim of a hoop of red gums; and when the appalling stillness has endured until one is sure the lost breath will never return, a nurse comes flying, and dashes water in the child's face, and—presto! the lungs fill, and instantly discharge a shriek, or a yell, or a howl which bursts the listening ear and surprises the owner of it into saying words which would not go well with a halo, if he had one. The baby Tom would claw anybody who came within reach of his nails, and pound anybody he could reach with his rattle. He would scream for water until he got it, and then throw up and all on the floor and scream for more. He was indulged in all his caprices, however troublesome and exasperating they might be; he was allowed to eat anything he wanted, particularly things that would give him the stomach-ache.

When he got to be old enough to begin to toddle about say broken words and get an idea of what his hands were for, he was a more consummate pest than ever. Roxy got no rest while he was awake. He would call for anything and everything he saw, simply saying, "Awnt it" (want it), which was a command. When it was brought, he said in a frenzy, and motioning it away with his hands, "Don't awnt it! don't awnt it!" and the moment it was gone he set up frantic yells of "Awnt it! awnt it!" and Roxy had to give wings to her heels to get that thing back to him again before he could get time to carry out his intention of going into convulsions about it.

What he preferred above all other things was the tongs. This was because his father had forbidden him to have them lest he break windows and furniture with them. The moment Roxy's back was turned he would toddle to the presence of the tongs and say, "Like it!" and cock his eye to one side to see if Roxy was observing; then, "Awnt it!" and cock his eye again; then, "Hab it!" and after a further glance; and finally, "Take it!" and the prize was his. The next moment the heavy implement was raised aloft; the next, there was a crash and a squall, and the cat was off on three legs to meet an engagement; Roxy would arrive just as the lamp or a window went to irremediable smash.—Mark Twain.

LAUNDRY LURE.

Some Useful Hints on Washing Different Articles. The usual, ordinary way of washing stockings, by the usual, very ordinary laundress, is to take the rinsing water left after the white clothes are out, put in the stockings with a "sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish" sort of air, treat them to a brief but violent series of massage, and hang them up to dry, covered with specks of white lint—a disreputable hoary array. Needless to say, this is not the best way.

The first essential in washing stockings is to have an absolutely clean soap solution in tepid water. Put in your stockings right side out, rub well, turn and rub on wrong side. If the color is at all delicate, rub the feet first, then the legs, so as not to leave the latter long in the water. Rinse thoroughly in water of the same temperature, wring dry, and hang from the tops of the stockings, so that if any water settles, leaving a little discoloration, it will be in the toe rather than in the leg. The black stockings now are usually fast color and give no trouble. If the colored stockings show signs of running or fading, the color may be set with alum or salt water, only bearing in mind that alum will be apt to set the dirt as well as the color.

Silk stockings should be washed and rinsed in lukewarm water, and wrung between towels. Silk underwear should be soaked twenty minutes in warm water and ammonia water, allowing a tablespoon of ammonia to a gallon of water. Rub gently with the hands—squeezing, pressing, but never scrubbing. Do not be too lavish in the use of soap, and never rub soap directly on the garment; always use in solution. Rinse through two clear, warm waters of the same temperature as the suds, adding to the last water a trifle of ultramarine blue and a teaspoonful of liquid gum arabic. Smooth out and hang as carefully as possible, so as to avoid the wrinkles so hard to iron out of silk without injury to the fabric. When nearly dry, press under mullin.

Dollies should be washed gently in warm water, using only the purest of soap. If the colors are inclined to run, rinse until clear; take out of water without wringing, lay on one heavy cloth, and lay another over to absorb the moisture. If ironed while damp, linen need not starch; just a suspicion can be added to the last rinsing-water. Fine lace can also be washed in clean suds, letting it soak half an hour first. Squeeze and press it until quite clear; rinse, and while still damp press it by hand, shaping it into the smoothness required over the knee on a towel, or pin it to a clean ironing sheet fastened firmly on the table. A little coffee may be used in the rinsing-water to give it the prized canary tint, if so desired.

Shawls and other knitted or crocheted wools may be washed in warm water in which a tablespoon of ammonia to a gallon of water is used. Let the article soak about twenty minutes, then squeeze it in the water until clear. Rinse in clear water, being careful that the temperature remains the same, and do not stretch too much by ironing and pulling.—Harper's Bazar.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Corn Meal Cakes.—Sift one quart of corn meal with a teaspoonful of baking powder, add half a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of melted butter and three beaten eggs. Mix well and bake on a hot greased griddle.—Home.

—Tripes in Batter.—Cut the tripes in narrow, short strips. Dip in a batter made with one egg, one cupful flour, pinch of salt and stirred not very stiff with water. Roll each strip in flour until it is covered and fry in smoking hot fat. Have enough to cover the tripes. It will take about three minutes to cook it. Serve hot on hot dishes.—Good Housekeeping.

—Tomato Sauce.—Boil tender and strain six tomatoes, add to this one-half cup of butter, the same of sugar, two tablespoons of flour mixed to a smooth paste, season with pepper, salt, and onion and allspice. Let come to a boil, then add one-half cup of vinegar. To be eaten with meat.—Mrs. W. H. Zinn, in Western Rural.

—Orange Iceing.—For one good-sized cake take half a pound of confectioner's XXX sugar, one tablespoonful of boiling water, and grate in rind of one orange. Put the sugar in a bowl, and add the orange peel, grated. Stir until the sugar is yellow, then pour in one tablespoonful of boiling water, then slowly add orange juice enough to make the sugar moist, so it will spread easily. Spread it over the cake, and set away to harden.—Home Queen.

—To Cook Canned Lobster.—Drain the meat thoroughly, then spread it upon a platter, and pick out the coral. Rub the coral smooth and mix it with the braided yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, minced the lobster meat with pepper and salt. Make a batter of milk and flour and one or two eggs; beat all the lumps out of the flour, and add the lobster and coral to this, season with salt, red pepper and a little lemon juice. You need flour enough to make a batter stiff enough to hold the meat in shape. Form it into round cakes and fry in hot butter.—Boston Budget.

—Tongue in Jelly.—Have ready some nice clear stock, seasoned with pepper and salt, and add to it sufficient gelatin to make it set. Boil together, then set it aside to cool. Grease a round cake tin with oil, pour some jelly in it, and add to this a layer of slices of cooked tongue, then a little more jelly and slices of hard-boiled eggs. Continue this until the mould is full, leave it for twelve hours, to be set thoroughly cold, and then turn out and serve. The slices of tongue should have the skin removed and be neatly trimmed before being placed in the jelly.—Leeds Mercury.

FRIED LIVER AND BACON.—Wash the liver quickly in cold water, drying it with a meat cloth. Take each slice, sprinkle with salt and pepper on each side, and dredge in a little flour. Have the frying pan hot and fry lightly the slices of bacon on both sides. Take them out on the hot platter and put in the slices of liver and fry them in hot grease, turning them several times. When well done put the liver in the center of the platter and arrange the slices of bacon around the edge. Add a little boiling water to the gravy; thicken it with a little flour stirred in some cold water. Let it boil up well, and then pour it over the dish.—Prairie Farmer.

AN ESSAY ON CLEANLINESS.

An English Youth Preaches a Sermon on the Efficacy of Soap and Water. A London magazine submits the following essay on "Cleanliness," as the product of a twelve-year-old boy in the grammar grade:

"Do not go and say that you are feared of making yourself clean, just because it is cold and it hurts to get the dirt off, or because the suds get in your eyes. For when you are clean people do not edge away from you, never mind about your clothes, but they say unto you like our teacher that is next to godliness. Be thankful unto him because your mother can afford soap, and because they make you use it. Also when your mother puts her fingers down your coat-neck after breakfast and peeps to see if there is any black there, and then sends you back to the sink to wash yourself better, say unto her, 'Yes mother, all clean!' On Saturday night say also unto her mother, 'Don't forget to get my bath tub red for me, and a new piece of soap, for I love to wash myself course of cleanliness it is next to godliness. Do not be same as them there Blacks and Amerikans, and Ingooos, which just splashes their faces with water and no soap, and then gets inside of a tub, only a puddle about half of water. When you say to a dirty boy, 'Dirty Dick wants the stick,' only say it about once, so as he can't say as you are wicked. Say unto him, look at the thoughtful cat, which spits on its paws just to get a bit of lather for a fair start, and then wipes its nose, and into its eyes, and behind its ears, not counting over. Then say unto him as it will actually lick itself when it can't get its pores, rather than be hitching anywhere round. Tell him to look at the necks of the masters and superintendents and preachers, and he will never find a ring, which is always a sign as you have not gone far down."

An Interesting Remedy. "Mano Garcia was a curious character," said a Cuban gentleman in speaking of the reported death of that revolutionist. "He was more like a character in a novel than a man living in the nineteenth century. His home was the mountains and he led a regular bandit's life, every now and then holding up Spaniards on the road or carrying off one of them and holding him for ransom. He would write to a Spanish planter, 'send me five thousand dollars or I shall burn your house,' and if the money was not forthcoming he would carry his threat into execution. He would even write to governmental officials, signing himself: 'King of the Mountains,' and demanding tribute. He never preyed on the native Cubans, only on the Spaniards, and gave most of his money to the revolutionary party to purchase arms."

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Young Folks' Column.

LINCOLN'S FIGHT.

When Abraham Lincoln was twenty-five years old his life appeared to have been a failure. He had retired from keeping a country store and from surveying land, loaded with debt. Nominated for the legislature of Illinois, he had been badly defeated. But at the age of twenty-five he was again nominated, and this time he was elected. He was re-elected three times, and in 1840, devoted himself to the practice of law. Mr. Chittenden, in his "Personal Reminiscences," expresses the opinion that the turning-point in Lincoln's career was a fight, and that his success in life dates from his winning it.

In those primitive days Lincoln was looked upon as the champion of New Salem, he being the tallest and strongest man in the township, its best wrestler and jumper. He was not a fighting man, but the bragging of his townsmen caused him to be challenged by the champion of Clay's Grove, the neighboring village—one Jack Armstrong, a good-natured giant.

The contest to determine who was the better man had only two rules. There was to be "no grasping or hitting below the belt," and he who should first "down" the other man was to be the victor.

The male population of the two villages gathered to see the two men strive for the honor of their respective localities. Armstrong was supposed to be invincible as a wrestler. Grasping Lincoln's body, he tried to throw him. Lincoln kept himself upright, though Armstrong moved him from right to left, forward and backward, and tried in vain to trip him.

Excited by his failure and by the shouts of his friends, Armstrong grasped Lincoln far below the hips—a foul hold. Lincoln protested against the unfairness, but his adversary disregarding the remonstrance, tried to throw him. Then Lincoln, whose arms were unusually long, shot out his right arm, caught Armstrong by the throat, forced him to release his hold, and holding him at arm's length, shook him as a terrier shakes a rat. The Clay's Grove boys, seeing that their champion was beaten, rushed to assist him.

"No, no, boys!" shouted honest Jack, in spite of the grasp on his throat. "Abe Lincoln has whipped me fair and square! He's the best man. If he'll let me up, the man that wants to whip him has first got to whip Jack Armstrong."

This manly expression ended the contest. The two men became warm friends. Armstrong's house was one of Lincoln's homes. Armstrong's wife became his good angel; her children climbed up his knees and kissed the sadness away from his melancholy face. Armstrong helped to elect him to the legislature, and years after Lincoln successfully defended one of the sons who had sat on his knee, when tried for murder.

HE KEPT HIS WORD.

Many a human wolf and human leopard has been led by a little child. One instance wherein the prophet's words were fulfilled in spirit, if not in letter, is reported in the Philadelphia Times:

"My Darling." These tender words were painted in large letters on the dashboard of a big truck in the street. The thoroughfare was jammed with vehicles, and drivers were filling the air with profanity. But the driver of this particular truck sat silent and motionless. No word of his offended the ears of the patient, plodding beast over which he held the reins. During the din of curses a curious man stepped forward and inquired:

"You seem to take things very easy in this blockade."

"Yes, mister; I'm used to 'em," was the laconic reply. "Besides," he added, "it don't help a bit to swear."

"I notice that you have a name for your truck."

"Yes," and the stoical man's face brightened and assumed an expression born of a tender heart.

"My Darling" was my dear little daughter. She's dead now. Just before she died—but you don't care to hear any part of this—

"Indeed, I do," interrupted the listener.

"Well, you see it was this way: Nellie, my darling, took sick and we couldn't save her, but just before she died she put her little arms around my neck and whispered in my ear: 'Papa, your Nellie is going to die; please promise me that you will be kind to good old Dexter, and don't swear at him. Will you do that for me?'"

"Well, sir, I used to be pretty tough and rough, and I could curse with the best of 'em, but," and the man's voice trembled, "I loved my Nellie, and—and I promised her that I would do what she asked."

"Yes, sir; I've kept my word. That's gone from three years now, but I haven't cursed once since. That's why I've named my truck 'My Darling'; it always reminds me of my Nellie and her sweet blue eyes."

Just then the blockade was raised, and "My Darling" rumbled on.

Dear Boys and Girls: I am a little girl eight years old. My older sister is writing this for me. My father has taken the Farmer for a long time, and I enjoy reading the young folks' column very much. For pets I have two little kittens, a dog and a little calf. I think the answer to Sadie L. Whittemore's riddle is an egg. I will send my name in figures. 13-25-18-10-15-18-4-1-14.

5-1-16-5-12-9-26-1-5-20-8.

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5-1-16-5-12-9-26-1-5-20-8.

While looking over the young folks' column of last week I saw a piece entitled, "An Inferior Boy." One part of it read something like this: "When a girl expects her fellow she always agrees with me when there is a place worn threadbare in the carpet under each mirror in the house, where a boy has stood caressing his moustache, calling for his sister to bring him some cream. He arranges his hair, brushes his clothes, gives his tie a pull to one side, walks back and forth before the mirror a few times, and then starts for the 'corner,' where he will stand for hours whistling to himself. Now, boys, I don't want to be hard on you, but you all ought to know that girls' intellectual powers are much keener than boys', and they will beat you every time; and I suppose it is very humiliating to get beaten just when you are in a state of success."

Yours in good cheer, PANSY.

Dear Girls: I have been quite interested in the young folks' column, and thought I would write. I live on a farm of 200 acres. I go to school and study reading, spelling, arithmetic, mental arithmetic, grammar, geography, history and penmanship. My teacher's name is Miss Zaitie Morrison, and I think she is one of the best ever had. One of the girls asked a while ago, why Bertha Maxwell did not write. She died last October. Her home was in Corvallis, but she came down to Skowhegan to school one term and was in my class. I think the answer to Sadie L. Whittemore's conundrum is an egg. I would like to have the girls write to me and I will answer all the letters I receive. I will close by sending a conundrum: When may a man be said to be a healthy staff?

10-15-19-16-8-9-14-5 8-5-12-25.

Skowhegan.

Mr. Editor: I am 14 years old, and weigh 88 lbs. I have two brothers and one sister. My oldest brother has 100 hens and 250 chickens. When he is not at home I take care of them. I have been going to the high school, four miles from home, and roomed down there. For studies I had algebra, book-keeping, grammar, reading and spelling. The teacher's name is Harry Springer. Father has one horse 30 years old, and another seven, three cows and two pigs. The pigs' names are Romeo and Juliet. Father is 50 years old, and has taught about seventy terms of school. We have a Shepherd dog named Sandy; he gets the cows nearly every night. I have made several silk cushions, and worked them with silk. Yours truly,

West Hollis. BLANCHIE SMITH.

Mr. Editor: I am a little girl nine years old. I have two brothers and one sister; one of my brothers and I live on a farm with our grandparents. We have one cow, two horses and one pig. Papa and mamma live in Boston, and one of my sisters and my brother are there. Papa is a teacher. I like to read very much. The teacher's name is Ella Deering. I study arithmetic, geography, reading and spelling.

I am a little boy 10 years old. I live with my grandfather, Mr. Jesse Smart, on a farm. We have for stock five cows, four steers, 65 sheep, and two horses. I have for pets three caribou, that have been on the place three years, and raise their kids in our woods. They are not very wild, and are very handsome. You would like to see them jump when frightened. I would like to have the young subscribers call and see my pets.

North Troy. FRANKIE THOMPSON.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—William N. Jackson, the veteran railroad man of Indiana, says that when he sold tickets for the Madison & Indianapolis road, the first road built in the state, the name of every passenger who boarded the train was taken.

—During the month of April 4,444 immigrants arrived in the United States, against 36,220 in April, 1894. For the ten months ended April, 1894, the number was 254,944, while for the ten months ended April, 1895, it was 193,621.

—The Illinois river was so termed from the Illinois, a tribe of Indians on its banks. Another derivation is suggested in Isle aux Noix, Island of Nuts. Several derivations more or less fanciful are suggested by the etymologists and geographers.

—The Colorado river was named by the Spaniards from a word in their language meaning ruddy or red, an allusion to the tint of the water. La Salle first named the river, Maligne, misfortune, one or two of his party having been drowned in its current.

—The Alpine tunnel, 34 miles east of Gunnison, Col., on the Denver, Leadville & Gunnison railroad, is being opened again to traffic, having been closed for about five years. The tunnel is about 12,000 feet above sea level, and in winter it is difficult to keep it open.

—The Ohio river was so-called from an "Iroquois" word Ohio, meaning "beautiful." It appears on various early maps as the Albaha, Cubach, O-o, Ochio, Sabugongo, Cuisseapone, Kitonoce, Ouhelkechappa, Ohui, Opeek, Allwege-Sepe, Oheezuh, Hohio and Youghiogheny.

—Barking up the wrong tree, meaning that an individual is mistakenly following the wrong impression, is believed to be an Americanism borrowed from the fact that squirrels dig will often bark at the root of a tree from which their game has escaped by passing from branch to branch.

—"We left our country for our country's good" is an expression first found in the prologue to a play presented by convicts in Sydney, New South Wales. The prologue was by George Barrington himself a convict, and the allusion is, it is said, keenly appreciated by the convict actors and the audience.

—The wormwood plant is a native of Europe, growing wild in most parts of the continent. The plant was known to the ancients, and is extensively used in many parts of Germany in the manufacture of beer, to impart a bitter flavor to the liquor, thus taking the place, to some extent, of hops. All parts of the wormwood plant are bitter. The French drink known as absinthe is a preparation of the wormwood.

—"To take the cake" is an expression which seems to have originated among the colored people of the south. Cake walks, or promenades in which cakes were offered as a reward for grace of demeanor, were formerly common in the southern states, and are even now known in many localities.

CHEAP TELEGRAMS.

For Twelve Cents Twelve Words Will Go to Any Part of England.

To what extent governmental ownership of telegraphs has affected the service is brought out by a letter from Henry Martin, consular clerk at Southampton. The letter is published in Consular Reports, No. 175, volume 47.

The total cost of all the telegraph lines in the United Kingdom in 1870, the year that they were acquired, was \$33,526,000. The government set about immediately to extend the wires to every village of any importance, and to connect the cities and towns already equipped. Before government purchase the telegraph lines were owned by numerous companies, which strung their wires only in and between the cities from which they were practically sure of receiving profitable returns. To remedy this defect over 15,000 miles of wire were laid the first year that the government owned the lines.

Since 1870 the telegraph has become common in nearly all parts of the world; in no country is it used more in business and social intercourse than in England. Governmental ownership there has meant reduced tolls; tolls so cheap that an American opens his eyes when he learns that a telegram of twelve words may be sent to any part of the kingdom for 12 cents. New Yorkers, who have to pay 20 cents for ten words for messages in this city, should naturally, therefore, be impressed with the suggestion of governmental ownership of telegraphs. For this 12 cents in England the message is delivered within the postal limits. Beyond the limits an additional charge of 12 cents is made.

In England the telegraph is operated in connection with the mail service; that is one reason why the service is made so cheap. The English government does not consider the telegraph service as a means of revenue for the treasury, however, but as means of incentive for the whole country, and extension in all classes, knowing that the treasury will benefit indirectly from the augmentation of the general wealth. In 1870 the total messages transmitted did not reach 7,000,000. In 1893 the annual total was over 70,000,000. In 1893 the English newspapers sent 2,000,000 by telegraph. The total to-day is over 600,000,000. Mr. Martin says that the service is performed with perfect punctuality. Seven to nine minutes are required for the transmission of a message between two commercial cities, while in 1870 two or three hours were necessary.—N. Y. Sun.

FIRST FREE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Supposed to Have Been Started in Boston April 23, 1835.

By means of an old deed exchanged between two of the earliest merchants of Boston, C. E. Ridler locates the site of what many scholars believe to be the first recorded free public school in America, supported by general taxation—namely, on the south side of Cornhill, near Washington street. The triangular block bounded by Court street, Washington street, and Cornhill was originally devoted to the following public beneficent purposes:

A town corn bin on Cornhill, a prison or house of correction, established in 1632; the school, the first meeting house, occupying the commanding position at the corner of Dock square and Cornhill, and a tavern where the Ames building now is. Opposite on Washington street was placed the parsonage, the shop of Coghan, first merchant; the first market place, where the old statehouse stands, and the armory. Near by were the great dock, the powder magazine, the spring on the hill above, the aqueduct, the great cistern and other safeguards against fire, the town bell, the town clock, the great Indian cemetery, and a few steps away from the earliest burial place (the whites); the town house, the legislature, the criminal and civil courts and the marshal.

The meeting house having been plan 7 ed in 1632, Cornhill became one of the very earliest streets of Boston. Starting from the site of the meeting house on Washington street, the first great thoroughfare into the interior. His conclusion is strengthened by the fact that there are in the neighborhood picturesque old alleyways, notoriously crooked streets and ten so-called public squares. Just above are the three hills, Pemberton, Mount Vernon and Beacon.

Here also is Tremont Row, where lived Gov. Vane, Gov. Bellingham, Gov. Endicott, the second school-master of Boston; Rev. John Cotton, teacher of the church; his son, Seaborn, and John Hull, the mint master. Here Tremont street begins, another great but newer thoroughfare. The newer Shawmut, on a hill overlooking the valley and the neighboring ocean, was begun by the whites on the spot where the red men left off.

The school was started voluntarily in town meeting, April 23, 1835, two hundred and sixty years ago.—Boston Journal.

HE WONDERED.

It Did "Beat Snakes" How His Nephew Had Climbed Up.

"My uncle," said Representative John Allen, of Tupelo, Miss., to a group of listeners, according to the Washington Star, "is one of the best-informed men in my district. I think a great deal of the old gentleman. During a campaign I go everywhere in my district. After being nominated a second time I resolved on a searching, campaign. Being scheduled for a speech over in the far end of my district, and remembering that my uncle abode in the vicinity, I determined to visit the old gentleman. We were just sitting down to supper and the old man was purveying me a fried chicken on the times of his fork, when he remarked in his mellow, amiable way:

"'What have you been, lately, John?'"

"I told him I'd been in Washington for two years."

"'In Washington?'" he repeated, in tones of astonishment. "Why, what ever in the name of Peter be you doing in Washington?"

"I'm representative from this district," I replied. "I was elected two years ago, and have been at the capital almost continually since looking after the interests of you and my other constituents."

Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday by
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AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1895.

TERMS.
\$1.50 IN ADVANCE; OR \$2.00 IF NOT PAID
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF
SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-
tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.
Mr. C. S. AVER, our Agent, is now calling
upon our subscribers in Cumberland county.
Our Agent, Mr. J. W. KILLOUGH, is now call-
ing upon our subscribers in Hancock and
Washington counties.

There appears to be some doubt as to
whether the war between Japan and
China has really ended.

Sunday the new time table of the
Maine Central Railroad went into effect.
Consult its provisions in our columns.

One of our valued exchanges speaks of
"the genial proprietor of the grist mill." That
is better than to have a hard,
grinding disposition.

People who imagine that every home
in Utah is adorned with several wives
will be surprised to learn that there are
13,000 more men than women there.

The great host of summer visitors will
pour into Maine immediately after the
Fourth. The advance guard is already
here.

Columbia University of Washington
proposes to add \$15,000 a year to its dis-
bursements, on the strength of its
organization with Dr. Whitman at its
head. The board raised \$30,000 on the
spot, last week.

Dr. Wm. T. Harris, National Com-
missioner of Education, in his report
for the year 1894, shows that the total
number of pupils in all schools was
15,330,268, an increase of over 450,000
in spite of the hard times.

The Secretary of the Board of Agri-
culture proposes to make the July bulle-
tin a silt number, and has sent out his
advance inquiries accordingly. The bulle-
tin will contain brief descriptions
and possibly cuts of the most approved
siltos. Valuable information concerning
siltos will be published.

The July edition of the *Maine Farmer*
will have some beautiful illustrations of
moosehead Lake. The town of Dexter
will be represented by cuts of the Ab-
bott public library and the Dexter high
school building. Dover and Foxcroft
will be well written up. The *Maine*
Central is said to be the finest magazine
published by any railroad in the country.

By the accounts we receive of the gradu-
ating exercises of the schools throughout
the State, we should judge that the lessons
of patriotism and love for the flag are
being taught more and more each year.
And this is well. The teachers of our
schools have a higher duty than simply
turning out educated boys and girls.
They should turn out educated American
citizens.

The Poland Spring House will be the
scene of a grand centennial of the Rick-
er family on July 1st, upon the occasion
of the opening of the Maine building.
Many prominent men will be present, in-
cluding Governor Cleaves, Governor
Greenhalgh of Massachusetts, and about
100 others, including the World's Fair
Commissioners, Representatives and Sen-
ators to Congress from Maine, and many
others. The party will be guests at the
Poland Spring House over Sunday.

How sad the position of a man who
depends upon political office as a liveli-
hood. "The most lamentable wrecks
which I have seen in thirty odd years
since I was graduated," said Mr. Depew
in his address to the college students at
Nashville, "have been the men who have
abandoned everything for the public
service, only to be thrown out by the
changes of politics, and to find that their
places in the professional and business
world have been occupied by younger
men, leaving them helpless and stranded."

The closing exercises at Moody's Se-
minary for Girls, at East Northfield, Mass.,
took place, Thursday, in the auditorium,
with 2000 people present. H. M. Moore,
President of the Trustees, presided.
The address was by Rev. Dr. Alexander
McKenzie of Cambridge, who presented
the topic, "Gentleness." After a pithy
address by D. L. Moody, Miss Hill, the
Principal, presented the diploma to the
graduating class. Among the college
preparatory class was Florence M. Mar-
shall of Pembroke, Me., and in the gen-
eral course was Leah M. Whitehead of
North Carver, Me.

President Washburn of the Kingston,
R. I., agricultural college says that the
rosters are more to blame about the
boys and girls themselves, and that
reform in this direction must be sought
directly in the home influence. Dr.
Washburn's statement is too true.
Thousands of mothers on the farm are
willing to throw themselves to death
that their bright boy may have fine
clothes and a soft job in the city, or that
the bright girl might be educated to do
something besides housework, and
marry somebody who is not a farmer.
Is not this so?

Henry Clews of New York says:
"Crop reports are more favorable than
a few weeks ago. There is every prospect
of a bountiful corn crop, which is of
chief importance to the railroads. The
injury to wheat is likely to be compensated
for by better prices. General trade
continues to improve, and there is every
prospect of a brisk fall trade when the
time arrives for its commencement. The
great staples of trade are generally quiet
but steady. In the interior stocks of
merchandise are much reduced. In the
East wages are rising, and industries
daily becoming more active. At the
same time money is plentiful and easy;
while credits are sound."

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

Tuesday morning, 25th, at New
Sweden, in the woods of Maine, was cele-
brated the Quarter Centennial of the
founding of the colony. Of course the
most interesting part of the celebration
was the oration by Hon. W. W. Thomas
of Portland, the founder of the colony,
of which we give a brief abstract:

Twenty-five years ago this very day
there sailed away from the shores of
Sweden a little colony of fifty-one
Swedes, facing the perils of a voyage of
4000 miles. The colony was composed
of twenty-two men, eleven women, and
eighteen children. All the men were
farmers; in addition, some were skilled
in trades and professions, there being
among them a lay pastor, a civil engi-
neer, a blacksmith, two carpenters, a
basket maker, a wheelwright, a baker,
a tailor, and a wooden shoe maker. The
women were neat and industrious, tidy
housewives, and diligent workers in
the spinning wheel and loom. All were
tall and stalwart, with blue eyes, blonde
hair, and cheerful, honest faces; there
was not a physical defect or blemish
among them. And no better immi-
grants than these Swedes ever landed on
American shores. Honest and industri-
ous, law-abiding and God-fearing, po-
lite and brave, hospitable and generous,
of the same old Northern stock as our-
selves, no foreign speaking immigrants
but of the same blood and language,
and none become more speedily American-
ized, or make better citizens of our great
Republic. The speaker said that he had
faith such a people upon our soil would
be an advantage to the State, and State
and nation would be the richer for their
word-picture of the coming of the new
colony to the "promised land," and of
their early struggles.

All through summer and fall there was
busy work in this wilderness. The
primæval American forest rang from
morn till eve with the blows of the
Swedish axe. The prattle of Swedish
children and the song of Swedish
mothers made unwonted music in the
wilds of Maine. One cloudless day suc-
ceeded another, and the Swedes were
tempered by the woodland shade in
which they labored. New clearings
opened out, and new log houses were
rolled up on every hand. Odd bits of
board and the happily twisted branches of
trees were quickly converted into needed
articles of furniture. Rustic bedsteads,
tables, chairs and the omnipresent cradle,
made their appearance in every house;
and Swedish industry and ingenuity
soon transformed every log cabin into a
home.

August 12th, the first child was born
in the town, a good sized boy baby,
born to Korno, wife of Nils Persson.
He is with us to-day, a young man
and a voter. He rejoices in the name
of William Wigdory. Thomas
Persson, and in the constitutional
fact that he is eligible to the office
of President of the United States. Sun-
day afternoon, August 21, occurred the
first wedding. The colony steadily in-
creased its growth being a most happy
one; cattle were provided; churches
built; until in the fall of 1873 the little
colony had increased to 600, and many
Swedes were located outside of New
Sweden, and to-day the town of New
Sweden numbers 17 inhabitants, and
these figures represent less than one-half
of the Swedish settlement which lies
round about.

To recapitulate—Maine's Swedish col-
ony is situated to-day on seven different
but adjoining towns, forming thus a
compact settlement, which numbers no
less than 1452 Swedes, divided as follows:
New Sweden (town)..... 717
Woodland..... 278
Carleton..... 138
Perham..... 78
Eastman..... 78
Stockholm..... 127
No. 18 Range 4..... 8

Total..... 1452
More than twenty times the little band
of pilgrims that entered these woods
twenty-five years ago. An increase of
over 2800 per cent.

The following statistics embrace the
entire Swedish settlement:
From the date of the settlement to the
present day there have been celebrated
102 marriages; 481 babies have been
born; and 140 individuals have died.
As the last number are included many who
died in Portland, Augusta, Boston and
other places, but are interested in the
New Sweden cemetery. Yet, even with
these deductions, including the births and
number the deaths in the ratio 3.45 to 1,
7030 acres of forest have been cleared
and turned into farms. 680 buildings in
all have been erected. 71 miles of road
have been built, of which 46 miles are
turfed and in excellent condition.
Our Swedish settlers now own:

468 horses worth	\$42,500
287 colts under 3 years old worth	5,810
1000 cows	14,250
479 sheep	2,504
313 other neat cattle	1,485
150 lambs	300
115 swine	130
6000 poultry	3,418
Total value	\$72,043
In 1894 the dairy product of the	
colony amounted to 30,000	\$6,000
5,000 pounds of cheese worth	500
Total	\$6,500
In 1894 the colonists clipped 2,500	\$500
The egg product of 1894 amounted to	\$2,400
25,000 dozen worth	
Total of eggs and farm	\$173,730
Value of Swedish farm buildings,	
clearings, tools and stock, \$490,585.	
These figures are indeed eloquent.	

Insurance Rates Reduced.
At Saturday's meeting in Boston, of
the New England Insurance Exchange,
the question of rates for the State of
Maine came up again, as expected, and
it was voted to make a reduction of 10
percent on all specifically rated risks
and on farm risks in the State. This ac-
tion was in accordance with the recom-
mendation of the Maine committee in the
report submitted, Saturday, which is the
second it has presented on this subject.
Its previous report included an elaborate
plan for the classification of cities and
towns with a system of graded reduc-
tions, but this report, and the plan for a
general reduction of 20 percent in rates,
in consideration of co-insurance and re-
peal of adverse legislation, advocated by
some of the members of the exchange,
were superseded by the action of Satur-
day, making a concession of 10 percent.
This, however, is but temporary. The
agents who will do the re-rating of the
State, under the direction of a commit-
tee of the exchange, will proceed as
rapidly as practicable to establish new
rates.

No stronger evidence of the thorough-
ness manifested by the State Fair officials
is needed than the fact that other large
exhibitions wait the publication of their
premium list, and then adopt the same
with hardly a change. Thus a high
compliment is paid the State Society,
and must satisfy our people that the old
Society leads the crowd in the enter-
prise and completeness of its work.

Dr. Albion W. Small, who went from
Colby to Chicago University a few years
ago, is to be the editor of the *American*
Journal of Sociology, which is to be pub-
lished by the University.

Death of Thomas S. Lang.

On Wednesday evening, intelligence
reached here of the death of Col. Thomas
S. Lang, of The Dalles, Oregon, a gen-
tleman in the years past well known in
the valley of the Kennebec, where he
was engaged in business and politics.
Mr. Lang was the son of the late John
D. Lang, and was born in North Ber-
wick sixty-nine years ago. For many
years he was associated with his father
in running the North Vassalboro woolen
mills, one of the oldest manufactories of
woolen goods in the State, being agent
when the mills were at the height of
their popularity. In this capacity he
had a long and successful career. He
afterwards carried on the manufacture
of lumber at Vassalboro and at Bath.
In 1866 he went to Europe, where he
remained a year, during which he
largely added to his fund of knowledge
in agricultural pursuits and in stock
breeding. His herds of Herefords and
Holstein cattle were noted at every fair,
while his breeding stables contained the
best specimens of the Morgan and Mes-
senger breeds, with the famous stallion
Gen. Knox standing at the head of the
stud, representing the best blood of
those strains. The first purchases by
Mr. Lang consisted of the stallions,
Gen. Knox, Bucephalus, Black Hawk,
Telegraph, Grey Fox, and the finely
bred brood mare Priscilla. Within a
year or two after the first purchase, Mr.
Lang bought the stallions Sharon, Ned
Davis and Trenton. Subsequently he
purchased the stallions known as the
Palmer Horse and Gideon. Mr. Lang
sold Gen. Knox in 1871 for \$10,000. He
was one of the most remarkable horses
ever owned in Maine, and did much
toward improving our stock of horses,
bringing Maine into prominence as a
horse breeding State, and causing more
money to be brought into the State for
the purchase of fine horses than any
other single horse ever owned here.

He was a member of both branches of
the State legislature. In politics he was
a republican until 1872, when he ran for
Congress against Mr. Blaine, being the
candidate of a coalition between the
democrats and liberal republicans, when
he was badly beaten.

He removed with his family from
Vassalboro to this city in 1870, when,
after remaining here nearly four years,
he went to Oregon, where he engaged
in sheep husbandry with Senator Nes-
mith of that State. Subsequently meet-
ing with reverses, he became editor of
a paper, and later held a government
position in the public land office. Mr.
Lang was a warm-hearted, generous and
worthy gentleman, and the news of his
death is received with great regret by
his former friends and associates in
Maine.

There is now under process of con-
struction at the Bath Iron Works a steam
yacht valued at \$150,000, for R. H. White
of Boston. That yacht will be called the
Perigine White, named in honor of the
first child of white parentage born in the
United States, and of whose family the
owner is a descendant. The principal
dimensions are, length over all, 138 feet
and three inches; length on water line,
131 feet; breadth of beam, 25 feet; depth
of hold, 13 feet; mean draught, 10 feet;
displacement, 335 tons. She will be
commanded by Captain Theodore M.
Bunker.

Eugene Mitchell of Bath, the "King
of the Kennebec," Thursday evening cap-
tured the largest sturgeon which has
been taken from the Kennebec in many
years, the fish dressing 73 pounds; and as
one-third of a sturgeon is lost in dressing
the size of the fish when taken will be
seen. Mitchell has been making some
good catches recently, one capture being
three fish which dressed collectively
more than 400 pounds. It may be noted
in passing that these sturgeons are ship-
ped away and reappear later as smoked
halibut.

President Cleveland has declined an
honorary degree of LL. D. tendered him
by Wilberforce University, which is the
oldest institution in the country for the
education of negroes. In his letter set-
ting forth the reasons for his action, the
President is said to have expressed his
high appreciation of the institution, but
not being a college graduate, and having
declined a similar honor from one of
America's greatest universities, he re-
garded it as but consistent to adhere to
that course.

The Postmaster General has just issued
an order endorsing and extending the
operation of the system of sending daily
weather bulletins from central offices to
large districts of small country offices,
where they are posted each day for the
benefit of the public. The system was
originated by Mr. W. D. Stinson, when
postmaster in this city, and by request
of Gen. Wanamaker in cooperation with
the weather bureau, the bulletin was
supplied for three months to over 100
offices daily from Augusta, after which
it became permanent.

The Kennebec Valley Campmeeting on
Richmond campground will open August
9th and continue until August 19th un-
der the leadership of Rev. I. T. Johnson,
the evangelist, accompanied by a large
number of enthusiastic workers. This
of itself should speak for the campground,
located in as fine a hard grove as can be
found in the State. Good board and
lodgings at reasonable rates can be had,
also reduced rates on all railroads.

The Catholic University at Washington
has conferred the degree of LL. D. upon
Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, formerly
of Springfield, Mass., now of Columbus,
Ohio. Dr. Gladden has been very liberal
towards Catholicism, and this accounts
for the attitude of the institution towards
him.

The directors of the Washington
county railroad have voted to open sub-
scription books for stock, and ask the
county for aid at a date not a day later
than July 29. They expect to raise \$200,
000 by subscription, and hope to have the
road under contract this year.

At last the Liberal ministry of Eng-
land has fallen. It appears to have been
a poor creature at best, with few peo-
ple enough to do it reverence. In fact, the
Liberals of England have displayed
great incompetency, and had to go out
of power. Lord Salisbury has formed a
new cabinet.

STATE FAIR MATTERS—OUTLOOK VERY FLATTERING.

At a meeting of the Trustees of the
Maine State Fair, at Lewiston, Friday,
everything was found in prime condi-
tion, and working well for the great ex-
hibition in September. The track is
pronounced by horsemen "just as good
as could be desired by any one, fast, yet
easy for the horses—a perfect cushion."
The peculiar features this year will be
the Floral, Grangers' and Coaching
Parades. Already there are assurances
that the floral parade will be far more
beautiful and elaborate than last year.
Friends far and wide have pledged
hearty assistance. The Grangers' parade
will consist of wagons and carriages
decorated with farm products, and the
interest manifested by the Grange mem-
bers will be received with much grati-
tude, and pledges of assistance made, just-
ifying the statement that it will contain
at least fifty carriages. This, with the ex-
ercises to follow, must call out thou-
sands of members of the order to help
make Grange Day the best of the week.
The coaching parade, noticed in our last
issue, increases in number of carriages
and elegance of the same. It will be
far beyond anything ever attempted
before, and these are among the special
features, while something startling and
novel in the way of balloon ascensions
has been arranged to complete the pro-
gramme of each day, allowing nothing
for idle time. A full round of children's
games has been mapped out for Monday,
which will be Old Folks' and Children's
Day. Kite flying, pulling, orange and
bean races, rope putting, &c., &c., will
be the order, with liberal prizes for each.
Assurances of exhibits beyond past
years have been received, and a crowd of
fish and shells will be the order. The
fish exhibit must be a most remarkable
and interesting feature, covering as it
will all ages and a number of varieties
of inland fish. Taken as a whole, the
work is well advanced, and indications
point to the largest and best State
Fair on record, Sept. 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6.

The illustrated posters sent out this
week are gems of art, indicative of a
high character of this exhibition, to
which any man can take family and
assured that nothing will be allowed
which would mar the pleasure of any
member. Special train arrangements
are being perfected, with rates so low
that the attendance must necessarily be
greatly increased. Every effort will be
made to attend the Maine State Fair this year.

The Premium List.

We have received the 32d annual
premium list for the New England Fair
at Rigby Park, Aug. 27th, 28th, 29th and
30th, which is ready for distribution. It is
a handsome pamphlet, with an elaborate
embossed cover, and beautiful views of
points of interest in and about Portland.
The pictures are true and accurate
representations of the various scenes of
interest given, and the pamphlet itself is
a work of art, and very attractive. We
see here the evidence on the part of the
managers to make this one of the grand-
est exhibitions and most attractive fair-
ever held in New England. From this
catalogue we gather the following infor-
mation:

Tuesday, Aug. 27th, will be introductory
day, the 28th President's day, 29th Governor's
day, and the 30th day of the fair.

Monday, Aug. 28th, superintendents will
open the grounds and the hall will be engaged
with a number of animals for exhibition.
Tuesday, Aug. 29th, introductory day, at
10 A. M. the fair will be formally opened
by the Mayor, and the grounds will be
President of the New England Agricultural
Society. At 10:15 A. M. judges will receive
the exhibits. Being introductory day the
morning was devoted to judging, awarding
medals, and receiving congratulations. At 1
P. M. the preliminary parade, and the
racing and special attractions will be given.

Wednesday, Aug. 29th, President's day, will
open with a grand floral parade, and the
Maine and State officials have been invited,
and it is hoped may be present. At 1 P. M.
the preliminary parade, and the racing and
special attractions will be given. At 1 P. M.
the preliminary parade, and the racing and
special attractions will be given. At 1 P. M.
the preliminary parade, and the racing and
special attractions will be given.

Grange Rally.

The live patrons of Penobscot County
do not propose to let go any opportunity
which improved would tend to strengthen
the ranks of the order, and promote
greater enthusiasm. With this in mind
a grand grange rally has been decided
upon for August 7th and 8th at Etna
campgrounds. A great programme is
being arranged, leading members of the
order are to be present, and the fol-
lowing Directors were appointed the Finance
Committee: A. G. Andrews, George
W. Vickery, C. B. Chick.

The Opera House, fragrant with
flowers and beautiful with evergreen and
potted plants and flags, was filled at an
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CITY NEWS.

—We are in the midst of the longest
days of the year.

—Rev. Hartley Smith, who has been
ill for some time, is better.

—The condition of Rev. Dr. Kicker is
about the same as a week ago.

—Mr. C. F. Cook, of the Cony high
school, will spend his vacation in New
York, and at Harvard College.

—Three young men from Augusta will
enter the next Freshman class of the
State College.

—Mrs. Joanna P. Haynes, who threat-
ened to shoot Hiram Rockwood of Win-
throp, has been released from jail, on
furnishing bonds.

—R. T. Whitehouse, Esq., has been
engaged by the alumni of Cony high
school to deliver the annual oration
before that body, on the evening of June
28. Mr. Whitehouse is a graduate of
this school.

—The subject of Anna Sargent Hunt's
bright paper at the Saratoga meetings
was, as has been stated, "Pen and Seis-
sors," but a reporter got it "Pipes and
Sewers," intimating that the lady had
gone into the plumbing business.

—The Misses Eaton, daughters of the
late Russell Eaton of the *Farmer*, have
brought to this office a basket of flowers,
containing fifty varieties, fair and
fragrant, the product of their carefully
cultivated garden, for which they will
receive our thanks.

—A Hallows merchant has been in-
vited there by circulating about the city
handbills with this announcement:
"How would you like a 15 cent tie or
2 for 25 cents? They won't last long."

—An alarm was rung in from box 35
at 7:10 P. M., Monday, for a slight blaze
in E. E. Davis & Co.'s store basement,
caused by a gas iron being left on a
table with the gas burning. The fire
was discovered by Eugene Suprey, who
summoned a number of people, turned
off the gas, and with Officer Thompson
and James Getchell put out the blaze
with a pail of water.

—Ralph H. House of this city, a mem-
ber of the Colby Freshman class, was
bathing in the Kennebec, Wednesday,
and went under. He could not swim but
succeeded in calling a classmate, Nor-
man Fuller of Winslow, who, although
a swimmer, struck out boldly and
seized House as he was going down for
the third time. With difficulty the half-
drowned man was borne ashore.

—Two prominent gentlemen have
agreed to advance a portion of the funds
necessary to erect a building to be used
by the city, as a public hall, armory,
etc., at 5 or 6 per cent, provided the
city will exempt the property from tax-
ation, keep it insured, etc. There are
quite a number of people who would
like to loan money at the same rate of
interest on the same security.

—Children's Day was appropriately
observed at the Methodist church, Sun-
day forenoon. The platform was hand-
somer decorated. The singing was
furnished by the young people, and
there was a very large congregation pres-
ent. The pastor, Rev. C. S. Cummings,
preached a very interesting sermon,
taking as the text, Matt. xviii, 3. The
sermon was adapted alike to young and
old.

—Mr. Manley is expected home so
that the reception in his honor will be
given Monday evening. The citizens
will assemble in city government rooms
on that evening at 7 o'clock, after which
they will go to Mr. Manley's residence
on Hospital street and give him a friendly
call. The address of welcome will be
delivered by Judge W. P. Whitehouse.
For this occasion music will be furnished
by Thiem's Orchestra. Fireworks will
be provided, and a grand, jubilant occa-
sion it will no doubt be.

—On Monday evening, Dr. G. E.
Hathorne and Lawyer G. P. Fall col-
lided on State street. They were on
bicycles. Dr. Hathorne turned to pass
Mr. Fall on the right at the same time
Mr. Fall turned to pass Dr. Hathorne on
the left. Both riders were thrown, and
the wheels badly damaged. Dr. Hathorne's
left arm was partially paralyzed, and his
leg was sprained. He will be unable to
attend to his office duties for some time.
Mr. Fall had a bad fall, but escaped with
a few bruises.

—At the annual meeting of the Augus-
ta Loan and Building Association, the
following officers were elected for the
ensuing year: T. J. Lynch, President;
George W. Vickery, Vice President;
William H. Libby, Secretary; Treby
Johnson, Treasurer; C. R. Whitten,
Auditor; M. S. Holway, Attorney. The
following directors were elected for
three years: Charles R. Hall, Charles
P. Chick, A. G. Andrews. The fol-
lowing Directors were appointed the Finance
Committee: A. G. Andrews, George
W. Vickery, C. B. Chick.

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leigh, 8 shares.

—The remainder of his estate is to be
divided into 62 shares by his Executors
and Trustees, and to be apportioned as
follows: To his wife Clara K. Burleigh,
12 shares; Annie

Cured

A great sufferer with dyspepsia for years. Three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla have perfectly cured her. At times she had the lightest food could not digest it. She could not sleep well at night and she said no one could tell how badly she felt. She also had sick headaches. She tried different kinds of medicine, but none did her any good. At last Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and she took two more and now she is not now troubled.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Cures
dyspepsia,
indigestion,
headache and
all the ailments
of the stomach.

COUNTY NEWS.

Deaths of North Bel. County of last season's crops yielded 5 1/2 quarts of seed. The season was a good one, and the crops were well taken care of. The crops were well taken care of.

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Items of Maine News.

Salmon has been selling in Belfast at twelve cents a pound. Skowhegan post office is now a first class office.

The 22nd annual anniversary at Hebron academy was held Wednesday.

E. C. Heseltine has been appointed postmaster at Moose Island.

Lightning struck three dwelling houses at Port Clyde, Sunday night.

Emery Hutchinson of Wolf found two steers and one heifer dead in his pasture after a recent shower.

William's wharf at Eastport, weakened by worms eating the piles, fell, Tuesday morning, causing an estimated loss of \$3000.

The pants factory of Rockland has all the work on hand it can possibly do with its present force, numbering about 125.

Cranberry sales have lost one of its best citizens in the death of Edwin H. Spurling.

A terrific thunder storm struck Camden, Sunday night. The lightning struck yacht Eva at Dalley's wharf, doing some damage.

The annual reunion of the 11th Maine Infantry will be held at Bangor, Aug. 14th, 15th, the 14th being the principal day.

Thieves entered the house of ex-Mayor A. M. Penley of Auburn, early Friday morning, and relieved him of his gold watch and \$16 in cash.

James P. Blunt of Skowhegan, a retired cavalry lieutenant, prominent in public affairs, and a highly esteemed citizen, dropped dead at his home in Skowhegan, Thursday morning, aged 75 years.

Mrs. Charles F. Moulton, wife of the representative to the legislature from Sanford, expired very suddenly at her home at that village, Monday night. Cause, apoplexy.

County Treasurer L. O. Ludwig has disposed of \$40,000 of Aroostook county bonds at a premium of 1 1/2 per cent., making a saving to the county on the above amount of \$600.

The Brookville, by Messrs. Gray, Chitt and Gray, is up and nearly completed on the outside. It is adapted to summer guests.

The yacht Edith, stolen from Charles Holland of Portland, recently, was found Wednesday night at York Harbor, the thieves having abandoned the craft there last Thursday.

Harry, Beverly and Arthur Watrich of Presque Isle, formerly of Caribou, have just received news of the death of a grandmother in England, who left each of them the sum of \$35,000.

John Morrison of Scarborough was buried to death in his room at Portland, Sunday morning, probably setting his bed on fire while smoking. There were several narrow escapes from suffocation.

The ell of Mr. Enoch S. Lawrence's house, situated on Union street, Bangor, was struck by lightning Sunday night, and badly damaged. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence were both injured somewhat by the shock.

At its reunion, in Portland, Friday, the 7th Maine Battery Association chose the following officers: President, Algeron S. Chapman of Bethel; Secretary, A. S. Truitt of Gorham; N. H. Treasurer, Warren O. Carney of Portland.

There have been eleven cases of diphtheria and one death, in the vicinity of Winslow's Mills, Wadsworth. The Board of Health have taken necessary measures to control the disease by isolation and disinfection.

The following patents have been granted to Maine men: A. G. Fitz, Auburn, machine for shaping heels of lasts. H. V. Hutchins, Auburn, machine for sawing, grooving, etc. Arthur M. Burnham of Gardiner, for mop wringer.

Mr. Robert A. Powers, who died in Bangor on Thursday, was a well known citizen, and many friends will deeply regret his death. He was deputy sheriff under Sheriff Brown and was a constable at the time of his death.

Capt. Frederick C. Adams committed suicide, Thursday, by shooting himself, at his office on Exchange street, Bangor. He was 67 years of age, and had been harbor master for two years. He leaves a widow and one daughter.

A special stockholders' meeting of the Wiscasset and Quebec Railroad, held in Wiscasset, on Thursday, \$16,000 was subscribed to extend the road to Albion station, leaving a balance of \$15,200 to be raised in ten days.

Arthur Horne of North Berwick, aged 25 years, committed suicide Wednesday night. He had been drinking all day, and, pursuing some laudanum in the evening, took the same as his parents' presence before he could be stopped.

Mr. John Goodell of Westbrook attempted suicide, Wednesday, by taking two ounces of poison, but it is thought he will recover. The cause is supposed to be a quarrel with a woman, but the exact cause is not known.

A fifteen-year-old son of Charles Caswell of Westbrook died of lockjaw, Monday. He was cultivating last Friday, when one of the cultivator teeth hit him on the leg, making an ugly wound, which resulted in lockjaw and death.

Mrs. Richard Collins went into the river at Lewiston, Monday, and caught her little boy as he was sinking the second time. He fainted before she could get out. Her daughter saw the accident and succeeded in getting them both to the shore.

Charles A. Berry of Buxton, who was charged with assault on James L. Merrill with an axe, was brought up for trial at Biddeford Monday, but Merrill acknowledged satisfaction, and the case was settled, each paying half the costs.

The following persons have been removed from their official positions at the Portland custom house: Major H. A. Shorey of Biddeford, weigher and gauger; Levi S. Penell, clerk in the appraiser's department; and Timothy J. Looney, watchman.

The prospect for the R. R. to St. Albans is dim and uncertain. The management desired \$25,000 in cash. The opinion of the R. R. committee from St. Albans being that it to be more than could be or ought to be raised by St. Albans, negotiations were dropped.

By a vote of 117 for and two opposed, the town of Harmony voted, on Thursday, to aid the extension of the Sebasticook & Moosehead railroad to the extent of that town's debt limit. It is expected that work will begin on the road early in July.

A well known citizen and veteran, Mr. William Wallace, died Friday at Bangor, after a long illness, caused by a wound received at the battle of Petersburg, June 18, 1864. He enlisted in the 18th Maine Heavy Artillery, Co. D. He had been a great sufferer from curvature of the spine, caused by his wound.

Frederic Gammon of Oxford died, aged 67 years. He was a well-to-do farmer, and a native of that town, having always lived there, and being much respected. He leaves a widow, three daughters and two sons, all of whom are married.

The Lawrence Packing Company of North Lubec are putting large improve-



RE-OPENS SEPT. 3rd, 1895.

THE COURSE OF STUDY is thorough, complete and practical. Pupils are fitted for the duties and work of every-day life.

THE FACULTY embraces a list of more than twenty teachers and assistants, elected with special reference to proficiency in each department.

THE DISCIPLINE is of the highest order and includes valuable business lessons.

THE PATRONAGE is the largest of any similar institution in the city.

THE REPUTATION of this school for originality and leadership, and as being the Standard Institution of its kind is generally acknowledged.

SPECIAL COURSE. Shorthand, Typewriting, Composition and Correspondence may be taken as a special course.

SITUATIONS. In business, the school furnishes pupils among the varied inducements to attend this school.

THE SCHOOL BUILDING, 608 Washington Street, Boston, is centrally located, and is a fine building. Office open daily, from 9 o'clock to 5 o'clock. Principals, H. E. HIRSHARD, Principal.

ments on their factory this season. A recent addition of 100 feet has been built, making it one of the largest in the business. They are also to put in a 100-horse power boiler, and have the keel laid for a fine little steamboat, to be used in carrying fish for the factory.

Mr. John Adams of Deering, of the firm of Adams & Locke, carriage builders, slipped on the ice last winter and injured his leg. He recovered sufficiently to get about with the support of a cane. While getting on board the electric cars shortly thereafter he made a misstep and broke his leg, and was laid up a number of weeks. Last week he had another fall, and broke his leg a second time. It has now become a serious case.

A mass containing about 10,000 barrels of lumber was suddenly loosened and fell from the top to the bottom of Cobb limerock quarry in Rockland, Tuesday. A crew of 13 men had been working at the bottom where the mass struck, but had just left on account of a shower. No one was injured. The slide was caused by a storm opened by frequent blasts and frost. Had it occurred a few minutes sooner the men would have been instantly crushed to death.

An important enterprise has begun in Palermo, the raising of Bog Pond eight feet above high water mark. When completed this will give one of the finest water privileges in the State, and Mr. Doe, representing Philadelphia capital, states that factories will be erected when all is in readiness. The work will result in covering hundreds of acres of valuable land, and damages will be very heavy, one man losing his entire farm, and being obliged to remove his buildings to a considerable distance. Damages of course will be paid.

Sons of Veterans. The Sons of Veterans of Maine were very happy in the selection of their place of annual meeting, at Farmington, last week. It was largely attended. Col. William C. Portland, Department Commander, was present. The Quartermaster reported that the receipts of the year were \$1,103.00; disbursements, \$882.35, leaving the treasury in good condition.

Following officers were chosen: Commander—Henry C. Chitt, Rockland. Senior Vice Commander—H. L. Wright, East Standish. Junior Vice Commander—Fred L. Stevens, Farmington. Division Officers: Division Officer—Edwin A. Merritt, Portland. Division Officer—E. Merrill, Auburn. Division Officer—Alfred P. Brown, Sanford.

Representatives at Large to National Encampment, to be held at Knoxville, Tenn., in September—Charles S. Wilson, Freeport. Alternates at Large—E. Small, Lewiston. Representatives—S. A. Ware, Eastport. Representatives—Rockland; Frank A. Webb, Bridgton.

Alternates—George E. Farnce, Lewiston; A. C. Grant, Augusta; James Coombs, Waterville.

At a meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society, these officers were elected and installed: Division President, Mrs. J. D. Williams. Portland; Vice President, Mrs. B. C. Dunbar, Waterville; Council, Estelle Priest, Waterville; Lillian Joy, Brunswick; Eva L. Shorey, Bridgton; Chaplain, Mrs. Estelle Hansted, Waterville; Division Treasurer, Mrs. Armstrong, Bridgton; Mustering and Installing Officer, Mrs. Rose G. White, Wadsworth; Chief of Staff, Mrs. Emma Farnsworth, West Pembroke; Delegates to National Encampment, at large, John Miller, Wadsworth; Alternates, Nellie Tozier, Pittsfield; Delegates, Mrs. Gertrude Prescott, Farmington; Alternates, Nettie Curtis, Auburn.

Suit Against Steamer Kennebec. Judge Nelson in the United States District Court at Boston, Wednesday, heard the case of the Boston & Plymouth Steamboat Company vs. the steamer Kennebec. This is a bill to recover \$12,000 damages of the owners of the steamer Kennebec for damages to the steamer Stamford which collided with the Kennebec in Boston harbor in July, 1894.

It is alleged that the collision was due to the mismanagement of the Kennebec by those in charge of her, in running at too high rate of speed, not having proper lookout, etc.

The answer of the defendant denies that there was fault on the part of the owners of the Kennebec and says that the collision was due to the carelessness of those on the Stamford.

Superior Court at Waterville. A. K. Mason vs. Emily J. Horne. This is an action on account annexed to writ, to recover the sum of \$388.57 for cattle feed, the plaintiff being a dealer in groceries and grain in Winslow, and the defendant owning a farm there, and 20 cows and a milk route. Verdict for plaintiff for \$230.41. Frank W. Weeks vs. James P. Hill, Deputy Sheriff. This is an action of replevin for four cows in which the plaintiff claims to have title by virtue of purchase. Verdict for plaintiff for \$36.38.

The Best of All. We have been much interested, of late, in the many dolls possessed by a neighbor's little girl. She has them of all kinds, colors and descriptions, but the one that pleased us most was issued by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. It is the "Doll-Bride," has a beautiful face, many changes of fashionable clothing and hair, and is certainly the gem of the collection, as well as a work of art. We were surprised to be informed that they sent the doll to any one, with the complete outfit, for only 12 cents in stamps.

STATE COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.

Never, since the incorporation of the State College at Orono, were the exercises more interesting than last week, or better appreciated. It was the 23rd annual commencement, and opened Saturday evening, 15th, with the Prentiss prize, at Town Hall, and there was a large audience present. The themes gave evidence of much ability, study and research, and were heard with great interest by the audience. The following were the themes and the speakers:

Honorary. Charles Partridge Weston, Madison. Honorary. Frederick Palmer, South Bridgton. The Rise of Universities.

Shall the Young Man Go to War? Perley Walker, Embden. A Plea for Higher Methodology. Frank Leonard Marston, Bangor. The Doom of the American Indian.

Ancient Philosophy and Modern Thought. Frederick Andrew Hobbs, Alford. Stepping Stones to Science. Warren Robbins Page, Hampden.

Sunday evening a large audience gathered at the Methodist church to listen to the baccalaureate sermon. The preliminary exercises consisted of the organ voluntary, scripture reading, prayer, and selections by the Weber Quartette of Bangor, and the sermon was then delivered by Rev. Mark Sumner, D. D., of Lewiston, whose subject was "Religion Essential to a Liberal Education." The sermon was one of the best efforts of this eminent divine.

Monday was class day. A new thing this year was the "commencement service," which was held in the chapel in Court Hall, beginning at 10 A. M. There was a large attendance of students, the faculty, alumni and friends of the institution. After a brief devotional service, conducted by Dr. Ferris, the President, Mr. Sumner, the audience sang "America." President Harris, in his characteristic happy way, spoke about the college and its work, and then asked Lieut. Hersey, of the Maine National Guard, to call the roll. That having been done, Prof. Stevens read a record of the year's events, which was full of wit as well as history, and was received with much favor by his hearers. The members of the faculty then presented reports of their individual work. The following students spoke for the various college organizations: Merrill, '95, "The Senior Class;" Tolman, '95, "Y. M. C. A.;" Folom, '95, "The Cadet Mountaineers;" "Athletics;" '95, "The Press Club;" Gibbs, '95, "The Prison."

College honors were awarded as follows: Prentiss Declamation Prize, W. L. Holyoke; Junior Prentiss Prize, F. A. Hobbs; honorable mention, Perley B. Palmer; Libby Agricultural Prize, H. C. Rogers; Military prize, Leroy R. Folson; Cumberland County prize, A. D. L. Libby; Sharpshooter's badge, Dearborn, '95; gold military badge, to the field and honor, H. C. Rogers; honor, Messrs. Manter, Bunker, Gorham, Wilkins, Stevens, Ellis, B. A. Gibbs, White, Heath, Rollins, and H. P. Merrill; first prize in tennis singles, H. H. Heywood, (State inter-collegiate champion); first prize tennis doubles, Heywood and E. E. Gibbs.

At 2:30 P. M., the regular class day exercises were held in the presence of a large audience. The following programme was very smoothly carried out: Music, Prayer, How's Orchestra.

Music, How's Orchestra. History, R. R. Folson. How's Orchestra. O. L. Grover. How's Orchestra. Address to Undergraduates, G. A. Frost. How's Orchestra. Singing Class, E. C. Merrill.

The class ode was written by Mr. M. F. Rollins of Bangor, and showed much ability. It had "America" as its air and was sung with much enthusiasm.

In the evening, the programme included the class day oration by E. C. Heywood, of Portland, who, after a most being "Deficient Professional Training," was an exceedingly able effort. The officers of the class are as follows:

President—E. C. Merrill. Secretary—O. L. Grover. Treasurer—J. W. Martin. Marshal—H. S. Bradman. Executive Committee—W. W. Chase, A. H. Buck and O. L. Grover.

The following are the members of the class of '95: G. Gilbert Atwood, Harold S. Boardman, H. B. Buck, G. W. Caldwell, W. W. Chase, Frank Damon, M. E. Ellis, Leroy R. Folson, Charles A. Frost, Oscar L. Grover, G. H. DeHaes, Ora W. Knight, James Wm. Martin, Earl C. Merrill, Albion Moulton, Wm. M. Murdock, Frank J. Mayne, H. P. Merrill, Melville F. Rollins, Charles D. Thomas.

Tuesday opened with an exhibition drill by the Coburn Cadets, who made a splendid showing. Cadet Major Boardman was in command. The cadets who will be reported to the Adjutant-General of the United States, and whose names will appear in that officer's official report, are Harold S. Boardman of Bangor, Melville F. Rollins of Bangor, and Earl C. Merrill of Bangor. Special mention is made of these members of the graduating class: H. S. Boardman, Earl C. Merrill, M. F. Rollins, Ora W. Knight, Albion Moulton, Leroy R. Folson, Halbert G. Robinson, Frank Damon, Walter M. Mayne, Wm. M. Martin, G. W. Caldwell, Chas. A. Frost, Merton E. Ellis, Gilbert G. Atwood, C. J. Patten, Charles D. Thomas, Oscar L. Grover, James W. Martin, Alfred H. Buck and Andrias DeHaes.

The cadets of the highest order may Perley Walker of Embden, and Herman S. Martin of Foxcroft were appointed captains of the three companies. Sergeant Stanley Cosney of Bangor was promoted to be musical director in charge of the band. According to the President, Col. R. P. Hughes, U. S. Inspector General, C. Company, received the colors and will, for the ensuing year, be the color company of the battalion.

In the afternoon, the secret fraternities gave receptions at their chapter houses. There was a large attendance at each and three orchestras furnished music. The wives of the members of the faculty, together with members of the senior class received, and light refreshments were served.

In the evening at 8 o'clock, President and Mrs. Harris received the students and their friends, and there were many distinguished guests. The occasion was very pleasant.

But the great day of the feast was Commencement day proper (Wednesday). The exercises were held at the Methodist church, which were a festive appearance. The platform was occupied by President Harris, Ex-President Ferris, and members of the governing board of the college. The graduates, twenty in number, clad in flowing black gowns and mortar board caps, (an imitation of former years), occupied seats in front of the auditorium. How's Orchestra of Boston furnished music. The programme was as follows:

Patriotism. Charles A. Frost, Monmouth Educational Requirements of the Civil Engineer. Gustav G. Atwood, South Carver, Mass. The American Indian. Ellis, North Guilford, N. H. Influence of Technical Education on Liberal Education. Oscar L. Grover, Richmond, Cal.

Coast Defense. Harold S. Boardman, Bangor. Problem of Today. Leroy R. Folson, Corinna. The Nicaragua Canal. Wm. M. Martin, Bangor. The Art of Handling Men. Fred Palmer, South Bridgton. Japan and the Red Cross Treaty. Wendall W. Chase, Auburn. High Business Ethics. Earl C. Merrill, East Edgerton.

The graduates and their degrees are: B. S.—Frank Damon, Hampden; W. Knight, Bangor; L. R. Folson, Corinna; B. C. E.—H. S. Boardman, Bangor; J. G. Caldwell, Waterville; W. W. Chase, Auburn; C. A. Frost, Monmouth; G. A. DeHaes, Caraco, W. L.; J. W. Martin, Bangor; E. C. Merrill, East Edgerton; W. M. Murphy, South Norridgewick; C. J. Patten, Bangor; M. F. Rollins, Bangor; H. G. Robinson, Patten; G. G. Atwood, South Carver, Mass.; C. D. Thomas, Brownville; Joseph C. M. E.—A. H. Buck, Foxcroft; M. E. Ellis, North Guilford; O. L. Grove, Redlands, Cal.; Albion Knowlton, Hiram.

Advanced degrees conferred and these are: Mechanical Engineer, Fred Langdon Eastman, pumping station; Joseph Colburn Graves, elevating machinery; Daniel Carr Woodward, experimental apparatus for electrical work; Civil Engineer George Maguire, details of sewer construction; J. Milton, Timberlake, details of sewer construction.

Master of science in chemistry, Fred Charles Moulton, action of lime upon Paris green.

At 1 o'clock the commencement dinner was served in Town Hall, with a large attendance. The hall was handsomely decorated with the colors of the class of '95, and presented an attractive appearance. During the dinner, How's Orchestra rendered a pleasing programme of music. The dinner was served by Landford G. W. Stearns of the Bangor Exchange, and it was a credit to him in every way.

At the post-prandial exercises the assembly was called to order by President Harris, who introduced L. C. Southard, Esq., of Boston, as toastmaster. Speeches were made in response to the following toasts: "Good Old Maine," by Mrs. Walter Pitt, class of '90. "The University of Maine," by Hon. W. H. Haines. "Our Legislative Friends," by Prof. W. H. Jordan. "Women at the Maine State College," by Mrs. Albert White, '79. "Our Graduating Class," by Mr. Frank Damon. "Old Lang Syne," by E. M. Harding of Bangor. Hon. Llewellyn Powers and ex-President Allen were called upon and very happily responded.

Then came the alumni annual meeting. Hon. W. F. Haines presided, and he nominated trustee from the alumni to serve for another term. The following officers were elected: C. S. Bickford, President; D. W. Colby, Recording Secretary; E. H. Dakin, Treasurer; Frank Merrill, Corresponding Secretary; L. H. Merrill, Necrologist.

At the annual meeting of the trustees the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President—Henry Lord, Secretary—William J. Haines. Auditor—Elliott Wood. Treasurer—Mrs. Valentine.

Wendell Wyse Chase was elected tutor in drawing, Frank Damon tutor in physics, Ora W. Knight assistant in natural history, and H. G. Robinson tutor in mathematics.

In the evening the commencement concert was given in Town Hall with a large audience present.

The alumni of the college will raise \$500 towards building a cinder running track at the college. Prof. Cummings of St. Louis, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has been appointed assistant in the civil engineering department at the college, to take the place of Assistant Grover, who has a year's leave of absence.

Richmond High School. The Opera House at Richmond was densely packed with people, Friday P. M., June 14th, to listen to the graduating exercises of the class of '95, Richmond High School. The programme was as follows:

Music. Salutory—Know Thy Opportunity. True Success. Science one of the Pleasures of Life. Loans of the Past. Tramp Question. Music. Class Motto—"Sta."

Education of Actual Life. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Civil Service Reform. Music. Music was furnished by Grimmer's Orchestra. As the class of twelve stood in the stage, and were very graciously banked with flowers, to receive their diplomas, they presented a pleasing spectacle. The young ladies looked very pretty in their suits of white, and the young gentlemen equally as well in their suits of gray. The singing of their faces were all happy with the knowledge of labor ended, honors won, and bright with the anticipation of future success. That time and the company with the realities of life might never dim the bright hopes for the future, was the honest wish of many present.

PICTURE OF TWILIGHT

RELEASED.

Our Story Teller.

BY HARRY LANDER.

He had never seen the club look more cozy than it did that afternoon. He had been welcomed by a crowd of men, the pleasant associates of a past life, who seemed genuinely happy to meet him again. He had been told that the members of the club were still remembered his little evenings in Gray's inn. What pleasant rooms they were, to be sure. At one time he used to think that Kitty had sacrificed a great deal when she married him, but perhaps the renunciation was not so one-sided as he had imagined. He could no longer afford to go there, and with it he had renounced all intellectual society. Kitty's people and their neighbors were rich and respectable. Most admirable of their kind, they ate, drank, slept, and made money; withal, most intelligent. He had never found them so entertaining. Mr. Turner, her father, was a type—a kindly, honorable man, but without the slightest artistic or literary culture; he could talk for hours of his business, and knew more about tallow than any other man in the city. His taste, however, for the arts, this distinction was slightly mitigated by the fact that he was also a connoisseur of wines. His sons were riding

"Isn't he a lazy dadda, snoring like big bow-wow when baby wants to see him?"

"Why, Kitty," he said, dreamily, awaking with a start, "is it really you?"

"Really me, silly boy. Whom else did you expect, sir?" she asked, waving the baby before him.

"Come to me, sonnie," he cried, laughing payly. "See how eager the little chappie is. Kate."

FROM SINNEMAHONE.

This was the season I got the artificial grasshopper. I frequently saw the crippled real one sitting on my get tront over the spring where my get tront was glaring down at the trout and shaking his head in contempt. I was fishing the head of the trout way. The grasshopper remembered that this was the trout that had crippled it, and it went to the spring to glare at the trout and show its hate. I used to tremble for it, for my trout just doted on grasshoppers, and I was fearful lest this poor crippled one might tumble in the spring and thus give up the best of itself to the foe that had bereft it of its leg.

"One day I had been fishing in my artificial grasshopper. I came in, took the leader off my line, with the imitation grasshopper on it, and laid it on the back stoop, being called away for something or other. When I went to get the leader ten or fifteen minutes later it was gone. I looked around, but couldn't find it. Some time afterward I started for the spring to get a new one of shaking and I drew near. I saw the crippled grasshopper dragging itself up on the flat stoop and

"Imagin' my father's feelings lyin' there unable to move, and that fire creepin' slowly toward him! He saw no escape from a horrible death. But he didn't know Prudence, the blowin' adder. That lovin' snake woke from a nap in her corner, and soon saw the awful danger my father was in. She rushed over to the burning straw, flattened out her head, and with one tremendous puff blew out the blaze."

"Sinnehmahone!" exclaimed the man in the red, blue, pink, yellow, green and purple mackinaw jacket, "let me tell ye sumpin'! That blowin' adder mowt a blowed out that blaze, but there ain't no blowin' adder, nor sweepin' gal, nor howlin' cyclone that kin ever blow out the blaze yon't git into one o' these days, an' when ye git there, jist remember that I told ye so!"—*Y. Sun.*

A Crucial Test.

Mrs. Winthrop—Do you think Jack Desmond is really in love with Mabel?

Mr. Winthrop—What good's that?—yes; why, he plays dominos with her by the hour—

BY ELIZABETH C. SHIPMAN.

a right smart, I reckon. Hit'll do 'Tul'k good. Mr. Robbuts. Dat 'ar dawg is a heap too sassy anyway, a-daanderin' along by hisse'f of a night, de Lawd knows wha'. Hit'll do him good to have somebody a-lookin' at ter him."

He had finished the clipping and now shook the towel on the hearth. Then he heathered up the fallen hair in a wig to bury under a stone, so that it might not bring bad luck upon the dogs by falling into the way of either dogs or birds.

"Lemme rub the sculp wid liquor, Mr. Robbuts," he said, pouring out a liberal saucerful from the bottle on the shelf. "Liquor's the life of the sculp 'n' de stomach." He rubbed it in vigorously and went on: "Now jes' stan' out in de sun awhile to tek away de smell, 'case de ladies cya'n't bar it, 'n' I 'spec' Miss Ann am lack de res' o' an' you. You're got to be mighty keeful now, mighty keeful, Miss Ann. Is a town lawd now, 'n I always hyar tell wha' re'y delicate noses dey has."

The operation was completely over

Parsons' Pills

Positively cure biliousness and sick headache, liver and bowel complaints. They expel all impurities from the blood. Beware of cheap imitations. Price 25c.; 5 for \$1.00. Pamphlet free. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston.

JOHNSON'S

ANODYNE

LINIMENT

First prescribed by Dr. A. Johnson, Family Physician. Its wonderful, miracle-like excellence has won public favor in a way that is wonderful.

CROUP. My children are subject to croup. All that is necessary is to give them a dose, bathe the chest and throat with my Liniment, tuck them in bed, and the croup disappears as if by magic. E. A. PERKINS, ROCKPORT, TEX.

COUGHS. My children are subject to coughs. A dose of my Liniment, and the cough disappears. J. H. Bland Pamphlet free, sold everywhere. Price, 50c. per box.

MOTHERS I can completely cure your ⁰⁰²
 or girl in two weeks. Send **\$1.00** for ^{Dr.}
MAY'S SPECIFIC or write for particulars.
DR. F. E. MAY,
 13t25 Lock Box No. 4, Arrowsmith, Ill.

Horse D

In selecting a horse to wear, it is well to apply to brains, depend on the quantity

Final payment of stakes and stake race, 1, and no one wanted to take. These are to of the year affording to be found else where

If your stock is to try a pair of hard, tablespoons of mixed, and apply When your colts are cast, think of this carefully.

One advantage in that are fast walkers act as teachers to the will be obliged to keep up with her walker, there is as well as in training

Whenever a horse drink, he is too weak be allowed to stand is given, but under should a horse be and be given his first.

In our own experience given the satisfactory feeding of clean, seems strange that the market should be grasses. Sell the clover, cutting so the out dropping the lei

Halter-break your are able to get around them to lick salt chop from your hand find they love to quick and with as they will to their confidence early and will always have it.

The pair of Morgans A. Alden brought for is said to be one of upon Maine streets, to fix a type in them to look these over. gan of years ago forward. This may it also a fact.

Prof. Henry de clare no better hay for his bright, clean color that purpose." It possible to greatly keeping horses and feeders to this at from an eminent ing attention.

At a meeting of the ting Horse Breeder ton, it was voted to stock to \$112,000. mittes was authorized Readville for a new ones have been at the lines for the track stable quarters, and of hundred laborers laying the track. So eran track builder, track is constructed manner. Griffin is England for his c Rigby track. The pleted in time for the

The fact that qu \$1000 stake races England Society for at Rigby, failed to what may be seen in want of enthusiasm would own and de pceers. The craze is try must settle to in

In the clearing up pr material will go by drift wood, but no c manently. With in forest in races will the experience of the handly be duplicated qualities a bet will be forthcoming. will always attract of the natural love

So long as Maine win honors in the horse shows of New and other large cities light in the best will ing this way for c thought that a great a matched pair from at the New York l our minds. With all ity where we stood, ment was that the sec later have gone to Later contests proved in hot company. S Wilkes are especially exhibitions, their size ation giving them a it with others, and big shows this fall w bred stock competing

A recognized authority long ago, said: "I re be denied that our horses are fewer in number in quality to those of this be true, progress backwards, yet who co ment. Talk with an and the moment the raised, he will begin type of horse bred th mit the fact and the The only way to resu whether it be in current there is a remedy or surely the remedy is opportunity inviting. three to five years, l nervy, rapid, fast w breed to restore the The only danger of our farmers will negli year, and therefore no the more active call sun near future.

Druggists say that the Sarapavilla exced the There is no substitute

Horse Department.

Failure.
In selecting a horse for utility and wear, it is well to remember the rule applied to brains, i. e., it does not depend on the quantity, but on the quality.

Final payment on the State Fair colts and stakes races will fall due July 1, and no one wants to be left on the outside. These are to be the State events of the year affording an opportunity not to be found elsewhere.

If your stock is troubled with lice, try a pint of lard to one and a half tablespoonfuls of carbolic acid, well mixed, and apply it well rubbed in. When your colts begin to look downcast, think of this and examine them carefully.

One advantage in having brood mares that are fast walkers is that they will act as teachers to their offspring, which will be obliged to walk fast in order to keep up with her. In securing a good walker, there is much in breeding as well as in training.

Whenever a horse is too warm to drink, he is too warm to eat, and should be allowed to stand a while before the feed is given, but under no circumstances should a horse be brought in from work and be given his feed without watering first.

In our own experience nothing has given the satisfaction derived from the feeding of clean, early cut clover. It seems strange that the highest price in the market should be paid for the poorer grades. Sell the rest, but store the clover, cutting so that it will cure without dropping the leaves.

Halting-break your colts as soon as they are able to get around nicely, and teach them to lick salt and a little bran and chop from your hand, and you will soon find they love to come up to you as quick and with as much confidence as they will to their dam. Get their confidence early and thoroughly, and you will always have it.

The pair of Morgans which Mr. Geo. A. Allen brought from Vermont lately, is said to be one of the best ever shown upon Maine streets, and those who want to fix a type in their minds will do well to look these over. A return to the Morgan of years ago would be a long step forward. This may be a paradox, but it is also a fact.

Prof. Henry declares that "there is no better hay for horses generally than bright, clean corn fodder grown for that purpose." If this be true, it is possible to greatly reduce the cost of keeping horses and colts. What say our feeders to this statement? It comes from an eminent authority, one deserving attention.

At a meeting of the New England Trotting Horse Breeders' Association, Boston, it was voted to increase the capital stock to \$112,000. The executive committee was authorized to buy land at Readville for a new mile track. Surveys have been at work staking out the lines for the track, grand stand and stable quarters, and on July 20, a couple of hundred laborers will be set at work laying the track. Seth Griffin, the veteran track builder, will see that the track is constructed in the best possible manner. Griffin is best known in New England for his construction of the Bigby track. The track will be completed in time for the fall meeting.

The fact that quite a portion of the \$1000 stake races opened by the New England Society for the week of its fair at Higby, failed to fill, only indicates what may be seen in every direction—a want of enthusiasm among those who would own and develop trotters and pacers. The craze is off, and the industry must settle to a substantial basis. In the clearing up process a lot of good material will go by the board with the drift wood, but no one will suffer permanently. Within a few years the interest in races will start anew, and while the experience of the past ten years can hardly be duplicated, yet in the combined qualities a better class of horses will be forthcoming. Legitimate racing will always attract the public, because of the natural love of contests.

So long as Maine horses are able to win honors in the show rings of the big horse shows of New York, Philadelphia and other large cities, the men who delight in the best will keep right on coming this way for choice goods. The thought that a great injustice was done a matched pair from Maine, by Dawr, R., at the New York show, has never left our minds. With all those in the vicinity where we stood, the universal comment was that the second, if not the first, should have gone to this beautiful pair. Later contests proved their ability to win in hot company. Sons of Messenger Wilkes are especially noticeable in these exhibitions, their size, style and conformation giving them a good lead. So it is with others, and those who visit the big shows this fall will see more Maine bred stock competing for the honors.

A recognized authority writing not long ago, said: "I regret that it cannot be denied that our modern harness horses are fewer in number and inferior in quality to those of former times." If this be true, progress has been made backwards, yet who can deny the statement. Talk with any intelligent man and the moment the horse question is raised, he will begin to wish for the type of horse bred thirty years ago. Admit the fact and the lesson is obvious. The only way to resume, is to resume, whether it be in currency or horses. If there is a lack or a falling away, then surely the remedy is apparent and the opportunity inviting. Instead of waiting three to five years, breed that sound, nifty, trappy, fast walking mare, and breed to restore the type so nearly lost. The only danger of the present is that our farmers will neglect to breed this year, and therefore not be prepared for the more active call sure to come in the near future.

Druggists say that their sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla exceed those of all others. There is no substitute for Hood's.

Poultry Department.

Unlike the others
B. L. Tobacco will not give Heart-burn, or Bite your Tongue.

It's the man and not the breed which tells the story when the year's accounts are balanced. Unless one has a liking for hens, and enjoys looking after them, he better use the room and buildings for something else.

A plump, full breast, fine grained meat, yellow skin and rapid growth are the prime essentials with the grower of broilers and roasters. Seek first for these qualities, and the dollars will be added.

If the eggs of the house multiply, the eggs of the hens will diminish. One poultry house cannot produce both. We should say to the breeder, grow what you find most profitable. Be your own judge of your business, but don't blame the hens if the days are cultivated.

These are the days when it will pay to use the insect powder. Years of experience have demonstrated that the best way is to go through the houses after dark when the hens are all on the roosts, and taking the powder in the hand, sifting it into, not upon the feathers. In this way the pests which annoy and afflict can be kept off.

One single poor specimen in a lot of chickens will condemn the whole consignment. Dealers will not sort your shipments for you. Put them up as you want them to go, and if a poor bird gets tucked in the sharp eyes of the dealer will find it, and the shipper suffer as he should. Sort the stock sent to market, and let each lot be uniform. It will pay.

In dressing for the market hang the fowl or chicks heads down, then, holding the mouth open, pass a sharp, small bladed knife into the throat and sever the arteries on either side. A little practice will soon enable any one to be an expert. In this way the head is left intact until the work is completed, and when removed does not disfigure, as when the head goes to the block and the axe is used.

It may be questioned to-day whether one can afford to keep cockerels after they are sixteen weeks old. At this time they should dress two and three-fourths to three pounds, and the margin of profit is doubtless greater than at any later period. The exceptions, if any, will be those who live apart and can grow to maturity at less expense by allowing a wider range. The dollars come to those who push rapidly and market early; there can be no question about this.

It is a sad commentary on the enterprise of farmers when the proprietors of our summer hotels are obliged to contract with city dealers in order to secure the supply of farm products necessary for their tables during the busy season. "I would much prefer contracting with a farmer for my eggs or chickens, but cannot wait their convenience," said one of our busy hotel men lately. The poultry products of this neighborhood are sold at the stores, sent to the cities, and reshipped to the hotels, and the farmer pays the freight and commissions by accepting the lower price and barter trade. A little more good business would remedy all this.

Mr. G. W. Pressey, one of the successful growers of broilers, gives the following good advice concerning their care:

"Very much depends upon the kind of food given chickens, how prepared, and when given. Of course, the principal food must be the different grains. Corn alone will not make a good chicken; it is most valuable for its fattening and warming qualities. Wheat contains the material for bone, feathers, etc.; oats for muscle. So we feed corn, two parts; wheat, one part; oats, one part; and we have a fast growing chicken. Feed either of these grains alone and we have all kinds of monstrosities—weak legs, sore eyes, no feathers, and every conceivable deformity. Add to these grains a quantity of meat to take the place of insects, which form a part of their natural food.

"See that they have plenty of sand or gravel. They have no teeth, and must have this gravel to grind the food in the gizzard. Give oyster or clam shell ground or powdered as fine as wheat. Keep them also powdered charcoal; it absorbs the excess of acids and prevents becoming clogged with sour food if they have eaten too much.

"If all these things are provided for them, the sheds kept clean, occasionally sprinkled with carbolic acid, and once a month give a thin coat of whitewash, the chickens should keep in perfect health. But if any sign of roup or other diseases to which they are subject should appear, use a liberal supply of Douglas mixture, which is simply one pound of sulphate of iron dissolved in a gallon of water. Dose, two or three tablespoonfuls to each one hundred chickens, in their food or drink, for each day until they are better."

Deafness Cannot be Cured
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by using Searles' Remedy. Deafness is caused by an inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out of this tube, and restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Searles' Remedy. Sent for circulars free.

J. C. Searles & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

WAR ON SQUIRRELS.
Washington Farmers Having a Hard Time with the Pests.

They Are the Kind That Burrow in the Ground and Run Crops—Ready Instruments of All Kinds Used Against Them.

It has been the hope and prayer of all farmers in the southern and western parts of Whitman county, Wash., for several years past that some kind of a contagious disease would break out or could be inoculated into the troublesome ground squirrel. Several attempts have been made to breed some kind of a disease among them, but all seem to have been unsuccessful.

In view of these numerous unsuccessful attempts, and the interest taken in the matter, considerable comment was caused a few days ago by the report coming from near Penavava that there was some kind of a disease which was killing the pests in large numbers, and the country might hope to be free from their devastating ravages.

A Spokesman-Review correspondent has made an extensive trip through the infested district in order to investigate the authenticity of the reports, and the extent to which the disease is proving fatal. There seems to be no doubt that there is a contagion among them which is proving fatal to a few, though not to the extent that has been represented. The first effect on the animals is to make them dumpy and stupid, then scabs or sores appear on the body of the animal, and soon they lose the use of their hind parts and are barely able to get around. Very few dead squirrels were found, but the animals seem to be less numerous than they were a few weeks ago. This decrease in numbers is explained by some observers by the fact that the females have gone in their holes to have their young, but it has also been noticed in districts where the young squirrels are still in the holes, out of the holes. Already preparations are being made to spread the disease. Inquiries come from all over the country concerning the authenticity of the reports and the effect it is having to decrease the numbers and ravages of the pests.

But while farmers are anxiously watching the outcome of the infection, they are by no means idle in waiting nature to destroy their enemy. Traps, guns, bombs, and all kinds of poisons are used to aid in their destruction. One Colfax firm has already sold over five hundred ounces of strychnine and other poisons in proportion. Arsenic seems to be springing into favor as a destroyer, but some who have been experimenting with it report rather unfavorably. Since the outbreak of the pest, one-third of this county depends almost entirely on the discovery of some method which will promptly and effectively exterminate these mischievous little animals, all new suggestions to that end are thankfully received and given a fair trial. In Spokane county five hundred patent bombs for the extermination of squirrels have been received by the county commissioners for distribution among the farmers.

"They operate," said Commissioner Eatonville, "on the same principle as the giant powder cones, with sulphur and other paralyzing ingredients, and at the close of the process a slight explosion occurs, producing a pyrotechnic display that sends the victims off to squirrel heaven in a blaze of glory, so to speak, from beneath the depths of the earth. The only objection we have to the bombs is that they come too high. The owners of the patents demand two cents apiece for them. We feel that the county cannot afford to pay that price while practically the same results are obtained by the giant powder suffocating process, which comes at a great deal cheaper."

"The fact has leaked out," said a farmer at the court house, "that much of the opposition to the giant powder for the extermination of squirrels has been wrought up by agitators in the interest of patented contrivances and vendors of poisons, who are traveling over the country, decrying the efficacy of all methods but their own."

More than a dozen farmers testify to the good results of the giant powder method, as advised by the commissioners, one man expressing the opinion that if systematically operated there need not be a ground squirrel left in the state of Washington within two years.

WAR ON SQUIRRELS.
Washington Farmers Having a Hard Time with the Pests.

They Are the Kind That Burrow in the Ground and Run Crops—Ready Instruments of All Kinds Used Against Them.

It has been the hope and prayer of all farmers in the southern and western parts of Whitman county, Wash., for several years past that some kind of a contagious disease would break out or could be inoculated into the troublesome ground squirrel. Several attempts have been made to breed some kind of a disease among them, but all seem to have been unsuccessful.

In view of these numerous unsuccessful attempts, and the interest taken in the matter, considerable comment was caused a few days ago by the report coming from near Penavava that there was some kind of a disease which was killing the pests in large numbers, and the country might hope to be free from their devastating ravages.

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THE CALLING OF "APPA-PA"
Pathetic Picture of the Peaceful Passing of the Old Man.

He crept out into the sunshine and sat down on the garden bench, a frail, infirm old man. His hands and feet were cold. The sun did not warm them, and the bright light blinded him. A cherry thrush hopped about under the cherty tree, picking and choosing among the fallen fruit as if the good Lord had created cherries for thrushes only. A pert bold fellow, he had grown fat on stolen fruit. Unreasoning fowl that he was, he believed all the good things growing on this broad earth belonged to him, cherries and worms alike. Had he been a thievish urchin, the old man might have frightened him off with his stick, but he was tired fighting birds. So he sat listless on the bench, his head bent forward, his hands hanging idly at his side. A little girl came running toward him.

"See, Appa-pa, the funny worm will do Appa-pa's hair."

She laid a leaf upon his knees over which a black caterpillar with gray hair bristling on every side was crawling. The thrush flew up into the tree and peered at them through the leaves. Then he stretched his wings, threw off his little chest, ruffled the feathers of his tiny coat, cocked his head and sang:

"We say, to-day, be gay,
Forgetting pain and sorrow,
For tears will follow day,
As night must follow day.
The flowers were made
To bloom and fade,
But fresh ones bloom to-morrow."

It was the poet who translated the song, but he said that was what it meant, and poets know.

The blackbird responded from the silver-leaved birch:

"Wear sackcloth on the morrow."

The little girl ran away with her leaf, and down the steps across the lawn came the old man's wife. She was quite young and pretty, and she carried a baby in her arms—the baby that died forty years ago—their eldest child. He cried when it died—poor baby! She smiled now as she always did, and sat down beside him, and laid her hand on his, and at the touch of that dear hand his heart grew young again. He did not feel cold any more, nor tired. He did not look at her; he was too busy to know that she was sitting beside him, regarding him with her fond eyes as was her wont. They sat quite still upon the bench.

"Jish, hush," said the waves upon the shore. "Listen," said the reeds. A kingfisher stopped his fishing, and sat still on a log, waiting. The birds ceased their singing and perched on twigs, watching. From the pines a catbird called mournfully to his mate. A red-breasted woodpecker knodded loudly on the hollow trunk behind them, and a peewee from the top of the willow sang sadly:

"We weep,"
"We weep," responded the blackbird. "To dusty atoms turning," the peewee chanted.

"In old,"
"We weep,"
And all the birds sang together:

"For us no more heart-burning."
"Appa-pa, Appa-pa!" called the little girl, but he did not hear her. "Appa-pa!" she cried, running to him, but he did not answer her. She tugged at him with her small, soft hands, but he did not heed her—Isabella Stewart Lathrop, in Detroit Free Press.

A European astronomer has recently made some remarkable calculations. He figures that if all the living representatives of the human race were strung out in space, and separated from each other by intervals of a mile, the line would only reach one-third of the distance to the planet Neptune. If separated by distances as great as that between London and Constantinople the line would only reach half way to the nearest star—Chicago Times-Herald.

"Altruism" is derived from the Latin by a process similar to that used in the word egoism. Its meaning is exactly the opposite of the latter, however, for the altruist is supposed to prefer the welfare of his neighbor to his own. The word was first employed in its present sense by Comte, the French philosopher.

"Accounted for His Nerve."—Maud—"That stupid fellow proposed to me last night. He ought to have known beforehand that I should refuse him." Marie—"Perhaps he did."—Brooklyn



Best and Cheapest, as it is made from the Finest Leaf, and is a Long Chew.

NOT A WHITE CITIZEN.

A Florida Town Wholly Owned and Controlled by Colored People.

Eatonville, Fla., is a place wherein no white person lives, an incorporated city owned, inhabited and governed exclusively by negroes, with a colored mayor and colored officers throughout. It is said to be, says the New York Sun, the only incorporated place inhabited and governed wholly by colored persons in this country, and it is as law abiding a place as can be found in Florida.

"We have a look-up here," said the colored postmaster and ex-mayor, J. E. Clark, "but it's the idiot building in the place. It is hardly used twice a year, for we have no saloons nor low places of any kind, and as nearly every man owns his own home, we all have a personal interest in preserving order."

Although Eatonville is a city in law and in name, having received a city charter from the legislature, with power to make and enforce its own laws, it is, in fact, a pretty little village of three or four hundred inhabitants, lying at the head of Lake Sybelia, in the center of Orange county, one mile from the railroad station at Maitland. No colored people live in Maitland and no white ones at Eatonville. There is the best of feeling between the two places. Maitland has white, and Eatonville has men and women to do it.

No place in Florida has more of a West Indian appearance than Eatonville. All the traffic on wheels is done on two or three of the principal streets, and the others are perpetually green with a beautiful carpet of Bermuda grass. These walks are lined with rows of white oaks, which make of every lane and avenue a shady bower from the beginning of January till the last of December. The houses are all of wood and generally small, but every house stands in its own little grounds, with flowers blooming in front, and bananas, oranges, limes, lemons, pawpaws, guavas and other southern fruits blossoming or fruiting, and in the rear a vegetable garden that produces food at least ten months of the year. Close to the head of the lake stands the African Methodist Episcopal and Baptist churches, and in the center of the town is the public school, with its colored teacher and forty or fifty pupils. The free masons and odd fellows have their own halls, and there is a labor aid society. John Heiston is the present mayor, and the city limits include just one square mile.

TREATMENT OF SUNSTROKE.
New Electrical Device by Which Patients Are Easily Handled.

Of late treatment in sunstroke cases has altered materially. The old treatment included warm drinks and hot applications to the body, with a view of drawing the heat from the head, as well as local applications to the head. Now, says the New York Sun, the patient is immersed in very cold water and kept so until the abnormal temperature decreases. Some remarkable cures have been effected by this method of treatment. The new apparatus is designed for the transfer of the patient to the water. It is worked entirely by electricity. The case of hammock suspended from the ends, but from the sides between iron bars, is the receptacle for the sufferer. The end of this hammock at which the head lies is higher than the other end. The bars are suspended by chains from wheeltracks overhead, running on tracks, and both the motion backward and forward of the trucks and the raising or depressing of the hammock by means of the chain are controlled by the electric apparatus. On the entrance of the patient the hammock is lowered and he is gently slid from the stretcher into it. A turn of the motor wheel lifts him, and another turn sends him moving along until he is directly over a tub containing water lead to the desired temperature. Then the machinery lowers him slowly into the tub until only his head remains above the water. Ice is packed around his head, and he is left there until his temperature is lowered to a point where it is deemed safe to take him out. Then the machinery gently lifts him again and transfers him to a pallet at the side of the room. If a second lead bath is not necessary the patient is then removed to one of the adjoining wards. This method of handling is not only attended with less jarring to the patient than any other, but it also saves the doctors and nurses much exhaustive work, particularly in the case of heavy patients. The apparatus was designed by Dr. Lewis A. Stimson, attending surgeon to the House of Relief.

UNHARMED IN FIRE.
German Fireman Wears the "Scaphander" and Secures Immunity.

There are some fire apparatus and appliances in which the firemen of Berlin, Germany, are undoubtedly ahead of us. Of these apparatuses the most notable is the fire "scaphander." The word "scaphander," which means either "hollow man" or "hollow to receive a man," is generally applied to the suit of impermeable material in which the diver arrays himself before he goes down into the water. The fire scaphander is on the lines of the diver's scaphander, but the only difference, in fact, being that it is made of a different material. The fire scaphander is made of asbestos and rubber, and is absolutely proof against fire. It neither takes fire nor is permeable to the heat of fire. A man in an asbestos suit or scaphander can take a leisurely walk through roaring flames or through the thickest volume of smoke with comfort, or at least with complete immunity from being burned or choked. The helmet is donned apart from the rest of the suit and is hermetically fitted to the air, the riveting being so perfect that air is excluded. A plate of glass, specially prepared to stand great heat without cracking, is imbedded in the front of the helmet and allows the wearer to see plainly. To the fireman thus equipped air is supplied, just as it is supplied to the diver, through a tube, the one end of which is held at the earth's surface and the other end is in the helmet.

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There are some fire apparatus and appliances in which the firemen of Berlin, Germany, are undoubtedly ahead of us. Of these apparatuses the most notable is the fire "scaphander." The word "scaphander," which means either "hollow man" or "hollow to receive a man," is generally applied to the suit of impermeable material in which the diver arrays himself before he goes down into the water. The fire scaphander is on the lines of the diver's scaphander, but the only difference, in fact, being that it is made of a different material. The fire scaphander is made of asbestos and rubber, and is absolutely proof against fire. It neither takes fire nor is permeable to the heat of fire. A man in an asbestos suit or scaphander can take a leisurely walk through roaring flames or through the thickest volume of smoke with comfort, or at least with complete immunity from being burned or choked. The helmet is donned apart from the rest of the suit and is hermetically fitted to the air, the riveting being so perfect that air is excluded. A plate of glass, specially prepared to stand great heat without cracking, is imbedded in the front of the helmet and allows the wearer to see plainly. To the fireman thus equipped air is supplied, just as it is supplied to the diver, through a tube, the one end of which is held at the earth's surface and the other end is in the helmet.

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